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THE

LATEST COLLECTION OF
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HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BY JOHN ELLIOTT,

AND

SAMUEL STEVENS,

Elders and Preachers of the Free-Will Baptist Society
in the city of New-York.

Free-Will Baptist
“ Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.”
—Col. iii. 16.

“ And they sung a new song saying, Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of thy kindred and tongue and people and nation.—Rev. v. x.

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PROPERTY OF
PRINCETON
REC. JUN. 1881
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AWAKENING AND INVITING.

HYMN I. P. M.

My Heart's Experience.

- 1 **O** HOW I have long'd for the coming of
God,
And sought him by praying and searching his
word,
By watching and fasting, my soul was oppress'd,
Nor would I give over till Jesus had blest.
- 2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear ;
According to promise he answer'd my prayer,
And glory was open'd, in floods, on my soul,
Salvation from Zion beginning to roll.
- 3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come weeping and praying to
God ;
The noise of their weeping is heard very loud,
And many's found pardon through Jesus' blood.

- 4 There's more my dear Saviour who fall at thy
feet,
Oppress'd with a burden enormously great :
O raise them my Saviour to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujah in heaven above.
- 5 We'll sing and we'll shout, and we'll shout and
we'll sing ;
O God make the nations with praises to ring,
With loud acclamations of Jesus' love,
And carry us all to the city above.
- 6 We'll wait for thy chariots, they seem to draw
near,
O come my dear Saviour with glory appear ;
We long to be singing and praising above,
With angels o'erwhelmed with Jesus' love.
- 7 The taste that we have it does ravish our heart,
Which makes us rejoice and we long to depart,
To praise thee more sweetly where angels do
sing,
And with that bright army make heaven to ring.
- 8 To sin and to sorrow we'll then bid adieu,
And fly where afflictions can never pursue ;
With life, health and comfort, to wear a bright
crown,
And with our dear Saviour for ever sit down.

HYMN II. P.M.

Mourning Souls.

1 **P**OOOR mourning souls in deep distress
Making sad lamentation,
Find themselves lost in wickedness,
And under condemnation;
While thunder bolts from Sinai's mount,
Do sound with loudest terror,
And they as naught in God's account,
Are drown'd in grief and sorrow.

2 Ah! wo is me that I was born,
Or ever had beginning;
I would have had untimely birth,
Or had no future being;
Or else had died when I was young,
I might have been forgiven,
I might, like babe's with harmless tongue,
Been praising God in heaven.

3 But here I am in deep distress,
Most worn away with trouble;
Day after day I seek for peace,
But find my sorrows double.
Saith satan, fatal is your state,
Time past you might repented,
But now you see it is too late,
So make yourself contented.

- 4 How can I live, how can I breathe,
Under this sore temptation,
Conclude my day of grace is o'er?
Lord hear my lamentation;
For I am weary of my life,
Of pains and bitter crying;
My wants are great, my mind's infirm,
My spirit's almost dying.
- 5 But who is he that looketh forth,
Sweet as the blooming morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
'Tis Jesus Christ adorning.
Jesus can clothe my naked soul;
Jesus for me hath died;
And now I can with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied.
- 6 How can I stay, God calls away,
And I must now be holy;
See Jesus comes to close my eyes,
Soon I shall go to glory.
My Jesus calls and I must go,
Farewell to all things earthly;
I must be gone, God calls me home,
To sing to him more sweetly.
- 7 Farewell, vain world, I bid adieu,
My Jesus is most holy;
Fain would I be with Christ above,
Singing to him in glory.

My trust is now in Jesus' name,
And in his arms is pleasure;
Say, will you trust in Jesus' name,
When he's the bleeding Saviour?

HYMN III.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh;
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness, fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth,
Is, to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden'd,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous;
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear him cry before he dies,
“It is finish’d !”
Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! th’ incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join’d in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may do the same.

HYMN IV. L. M.

1 **C**OME, sinners, to the gospel-feast ;
Let ev’ry soul be Jesus’ guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind ;
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
The invitation is to all ;
Come all the world ! come, sinner, thou !
All things in Christ are ready now.

- 3 Come, all ye souls, by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest ;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ and live,
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain !
- 5 His love is mighty to compel :
His conquering love consent to feel ;
Yield to his love's redeeming pow'r,
And fight against your God no more.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice !
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace !
- 7 This is the time ; no more delay !
'The invitation is to day ;
Come in this moment, at his call,
And live for him who dy'd for all !

HYMN V.

Why will ye die ? O house of Israel,
Ezek. xviii. 31.

- 1 **S**INNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why :
God who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live ;

He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands ;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why,
Will you cross his love and die ?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why ;
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Dy'd himself, that you might live.
Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why,
Will you slight his grace, and die ?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why :
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Woos you to embrace his love :
Will you not the grace receive ?
Will you still refuse to live ?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why,
Will you grieve your God, and die ?

4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin ;
Dead to God, while here you breathe ;
Pant you after second death ?
Will you still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain ?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you for ever die ?

HYMN VI. L. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the Gospel word,
Haste to the supper of my Lord :
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning son :
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove :
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate ;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host :
All heav'n is ready to resound,
" The dead's alive ! the lost is found !"
- 6 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restor'd :
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

HYMN VII. P. M.

Blind Bartimeus.

- 1 **M**ERCY, O thou son of David,
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd :
Many by thy grace are saved,
O wilt thou vouchsafe thine aid.
- 2 For his crying many chid him,
But he cry'd the louder still,
Till his gracious Saviour bid him
Come, and ask me what you will.
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging us'd to live ;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
Alms, which none but Christ could give.
- Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Turn my darkness into day ;
Straight he saw, and drawn by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around ;
Friends, is not my case amazing ?
What a Saviour I have found !
- 6 O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me ;
Surely they would come unto him,
He would cause them all to see.

HYMN VIII. S. M.

An awakened Youth.

- 1 **L**ORD, let me never go
The way the wicked tread,
Their steps take hold on dreadful woe,
And they among the dead.
- 2 O call me home to thee,
Now in my youthful days;
And let my life and portion be
In the Redeemer's ways.
- 3 It is thy grace I want;
O let me taste thy love;
Methinks, O God, my soul doth pant
For pleasure from above,
- 4 O Jesus, let me know
Thy kingdom in my soul;
Thy grace can save from future woe,
And all my fears control.
- 5 O shall I ever be
Among the christians blest?
O Jesus, take me now to thee,
And give my spirit rest.
- 6 Then in the realms above
My God I shall adore;
For ever solace in his love,
And grieve and sin no more.

HYMN IX. C. M.

An awakened sinner resolved to cast all on Christ.

1 **O** WHAT a burden'd soul I be,
A stranger to my God!
Yet since I hear his grace is free,
On him I'll cast my load.

2 His name is love, I often hear,
And gracious is his throne;
Who knows but he may yet appear
Before I am undone?

3 He is all goodness, or in hell
I'd sunk, ah! long ago :
But O! it is his blessed will
To save my soul from wo.

4 Since long he's kept me from the grave,
And still holds out my days,
I must believe he's free to save,
If I would trust his grace.

5 I'll go with all my load of guilt,
And fall before his throne ;
Believe his blood was for me spilt,
And trust in him alone.

6 Help my belief, almighty God,
And set my spirit free ;
O wash me in the Saviour's blood,
And let me live with thee.

HYMN X. C. M.

An awakened Youth.

- 1 **O** THOU who stoop'dst from realms of
light,
Whose name is life and truth,
Pluck me from chains of death and night,
While in the bloom of youth.
- 2 I'm born, O God, an heir of death,
Condemn'd by my own sin ;
Time fleets away, and not a breath
Will e'er return again.
- 3 O God redeem me by thy grace,
While life is in its bloom,
That I may run the christian race,
Till death commands me home.
- 4 Without thy love I am undone,
And all my life is vain ;
And when these fleeting hours are gone
No hope, but Death again.
- 5 Have pity on me, blessed God,
And take my heart to thee ;
And set me, by thy precious blood,
From all my bondage free.
-

HYMN XI. L. M.

The groans of an awakened sinner.

- 1 **A** SINNER, Lord, condemn'd to die,
Would to thy grace for refuge fly ;
C

To thee I groan with trembling breath,
O save me from eternal death.

2 My foes, my fears, and sins unite
To chain me down to endless night;
But O! I cannot think to dwell
In endless darkness, death and hell.

3 Look down, O God, with power I pray,
And drive those awful fears away;
O vanquish this infernal crew,
And all my soul by grace renew.

4 Then would my soul delight to tell
What goodness doth in Jesus dwell;
Since I a sinner found thy door,
I'd stand and call ten thousand more.

HYMN XII.

1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim:
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live:
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought,
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love:
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heav'nly grace,
 And, sav'd from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face:
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN XIII. C. M.

1 **L**OVERS of pleasure more than God;
 For you, Christ suffer'd pain;
 Swearers, for you he spilt his blood;
 And shall he bleed in vain?

- 2 Misers, his life for you he paid,
Your basest crimes he bore;
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more.
 - 3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heav'n:
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sins forgiv'n.
 - 4 Believe in him who dy'd for thee;
And sure as he hath dy'd,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justify'd.
-

HYMN XIV. L. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes,
Arise and struggle into light,
Thy great Deliv'rer calls, Arise!
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Sion assert thy liberty,
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free:

- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
 Be purg'd from ev'ry sinful stain,
 Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
 Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.
- 5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
 And lead the pompous triumph on ;
 His glory shall bring up the rear,
 And perfect what his grace begun.

 HYMN XV. S. M.

The Saint's Wants.

- 1 **I** WANT an heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease,
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my suffering less.
- 2 I want a true regard,
 A single steady mind,
 Unmov'd by threatenings or reward,
 To thee and thy great name.
- 3 A zealous, just concern,
 For thine immortal praise,
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.
- 4 I want with all my heart,
 Thy pleasure to fulfil;
 To know myself, and what thou art,
 And what's thy perfect will.

- 5 I want—I know not what—
 I want my wants to see;
 I want—alas, what want I not,
 When Christ is not in me.
- 6 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray, I want;
 Out of the deeps on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.
-

HYMN XVI.

- 1 **O** JESUS my hope, for me offer'd up,
 Who madly pursu'd thee to Calvary's top:
 The blood thou hast shed, for me let it plead,
 And say thou hast dy'd in thy murderer's stead.
- 2 Now, now let me know, its virtue below!
 O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!
 O hallow my heart, and fully convert,
 And make me O Lord, in the world as thou art.
- 3 Each moment apply'd, my weakness to hide,
 Thy blood be upon me, and always abide:
 My Advocate prove, with th' Father above,
 And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.
-

HYMN XVII.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted spirit, stay,
 'Tho' I have done thee such despite,
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Tho' I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears,
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,
For many days, and months, and years :
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd :
- 4 Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High-Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
From now, O Lord, relieve my woes,
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.
- 6 From now my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN XVIII. L. M.

The stony heart.

- 1 **O** H ! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away.
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar the mountains shake ;
Of feeling, all things, shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt :
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
Amazing thought ! which devils fear ;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need ;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN XIX. S. M.

- 1 **A**H! whither shall I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint ?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint ?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay ?
He calls the weary sinner home;
And yet from him I stay.
- 2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part ?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

Some wicked thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within ;
 Some idol, which I will not own,
 Some secret, bosom sin.

3 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
 Which I have fear'd to see ;
 O may I now consent to know
 What keeps me out of thee !
 Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying pow'r display :
 Into its darkest corner shine,
 And take the veil away

4 I now believe, in thee
 Compassion reigns alone :
 According to my faith, to me
 O let it, Lord, be done !
 In me is all the bar,
 Which thou would'st fain remove ;
 Remove it, and I shall declare,
 That God is only love.

HYMN XX. P M.

None upon earth I desire besides thee.

1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see ;
 Fair prospects, sweet songs, and sweet flowers
 Have lost all their sweetness with me.
 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear.
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more:
-

HYMN XXI. S. M.

- 1 **O** THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!

Thou by thy two-edg'd sword,
My soul and spirit part ;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow ;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go :
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove ;
Wound, and pour in my wounds, to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

3 For thine own mercy's sake,
My guilt and sin remove ;
And into thy protection take
The pris'ner of thy love ;
In ev'ry trying hour,
Stand by my feeble soul,
And skreen me from temptation's pow'r,
Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be ;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee :
O might I now embrace
Thine all-sufficient pow'r !
And never more to sin give place.
And never grieve thee more !

HYMN XXII.

- 1 **O** THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life conceal'd in him!
- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!
- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from ev'ry evil cease,
And never grieve thee more!
- 4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Ev'n now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty,
By thy victorious love.
- 5 In answer to ten thousand pray'rs,
Thou pard'ning God descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.
- 6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heav'n;
But let me feel thy blood apply'd,
And live and die forgiv'n.

HYMN XXIII. L. M.

- 1 **I** THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee?
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
'Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe:
'Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move,
O wond'rous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost nor will we know,
Nor will we think of ought beside,
"My Lord, my love, is crucify'd."
- 7 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;

Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable !

- 8 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo ! all our souls we bow ;
To thee our hearts and hands we give ;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.
-

HYMN XXIV. C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean !
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe ;
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am
I want thy love to know.

- 6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden repossess'd;
From ev'ry sin I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips on me
Bestow, that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.
- 8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.
-

HYMN XXV. L. M.

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet, to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

- 5 I would ; but thou must give the pow'r ;
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay ;
Appear in my poor heart, appear ;
My God, my Saviour, come away !
-

HYMN XXVI.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind :

Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin,
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity !

HYMN XXVII.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art,
 When shall I find my willing heart,
 All taken up by thee ?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me !
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
 Its riches are unsearchable ;
 The first born sons of light,
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
 O that it now were shed abroad

In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine !
 Be mine this better part !

4 O that I could for ever sit,
 With Mary at the Master's feet !
 Be this my happy choice :
 My only care, delight and bliss,
 My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

5 O that I could, with favour'd John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast :
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest !

HYMN XXVIII. C. M.

1 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?
 Awake, my sluggish soul !
 Nothing hath half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants : for one poor grain
 See how they toil and strive ;
 Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
 How negligent we live !

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move ;
 We, for whose guards the angel-bands
 Come flying from above.

- 4 We, for whom God the son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise,
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

 HYMN XXIX.

- 1 **B**E it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning ev'ry evil way
And walking in the good.
- 2 That I may still from sin depart,
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be giv'n!
And let me through thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heav'n.

HYMN XXX. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy pow'r to us make known :
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn !
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.
- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day :
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
- 4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release :
Fill ev'ry soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impov'rish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor :
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load :
Trouble and wash the troubled heart,
In the atoning blood.

- 7 Our desp'rate state, through sin, declare,
And speak our sins forgiv'n:
By perfect holiness, prepare
And take us up to heav'n.
-

HYMN XXXI. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, shall we then ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN XXXII. P. M.

Free Grace.

- 1 **T**HE voice of Free Grace cries, escape to
the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd a fountain,
For sin and transgression, and every pollution,
His blood it flows freely in plenteous salvation,
Hallelujah to the lamb, who purchas'd our
pardon,
We'll praise him again when we pass over
Jordan.
- 2 That fountain so clear in which all may find
pardon,
From Jesus' side flows a plenteous redemption;
Though your sins were increas'd as high as a
mountain,
His blood it flows freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell, thou wilt make us
victorious:
Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands we'll praise him evermore ;
 We'll range the bless'd fields on the banks of the river,
 And sing hallelujahs for ever and ever.
 Hallelujah, &c.
-

HYMN XXXIII. L. M.

Blessed are the poor in spirit.

Matt. v. 3.

- 1 **H**OW bless'd are they who truly see
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
 Whose souls are humbled in the dust,
 And who in Jesus, only, trust.
- 2 Glad they renounce their former pride,
 And wholly on his name confide—
 Only in him they make their boast
 Who came to seek and save the lost.
- 3 They're vile and poor in their own eyes,
 But Jesus' love they highly prize ;
 They never think they're laid too low
 If Jesus on them pity show.
- 4 To be the meanest they're content,
 So Jesus but their souls present
 With pard'ning grace and heavenly love,
 To fit them for the joys above.

5 These are the souls whom Christ will bless
With all the riches of his grace,
And these are they who soon shall rise
To a bright kingdom in the skies.

6 Among them, Lord, may I be found,
And with thy humble poor be crown'd
With grace below, and when I die,
Joyful to thy dear bosom fly.



HYMN XXXIV.

1 **Y**E happy sinners, hear,
The pris'ners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 The Lord, our righteousness,
We have long since receiv'd;
Salvation nearer is
Than when we first believ'd;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful he is, and just,
From all unrighteousness.
To cleanse us all, both you and me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

- 4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near.
Again, I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 5 Who Jesus' sufferings share.
My fellow-pris'ners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise,
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

HYMN XXXV. S. M.

*The Saint's Fears groundless, and God's Love
unchangeable.*

- 1 **W**HY, drooping saint, dismay'd?
Doth sorrow press thee down?
Hath God refused to give thee aid?
Or does he seem to frown?
- 2 What groundless fears are these,
That make thee mourning go?
Here's precious blood and promises,
And full salvation too.
- 3 In darkness or distress
His love's the same to thee;
Without declension, more or less,
Immutable and free.
- 4 Should guilt disturb thy peace,
Or Satan harness thee,
Behold the Saviour's righteousness,
That sets the guilty free.
- 5 Though he afflicts thy mind,
'Tis not that he'll destroy;
Eternal wisdom ne'er design'd
To give thee always joy.
- 6 Your days of trial, then,
Are all ordain'd by heaven;
If he appoints their number ten,
You ne'er shall have eleven.

- 7 Beneath thy fainting head,
Thy Father and thy Friend
His everlasting arms hath laid,
To succour and defend.
- 8 O thou of little faith,
Thy pace is slow, yet sure ;
Yet feeble faith, the promise saith,
Shall to the end endure.

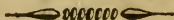
HYMN XXXVI. L. M.

The Penitent's Prayer.

- 1 **O**H give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn ;
Give me with broken heart to see,
Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that wond'rous sight :
O that with Salem's daughters I
Could stand and see my Saviour die.
- 3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord save a soul condemn'd to die,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 Father of mercy drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy son ;
And with my broken heart comply,
O give me Jesus or I die.

5 O Lord deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wouldst ease me of my guilt;
Good Lord, in mercy hear my cry,
And give me Jesus or I die.

6 O save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell;
Oh might I enter now I'm come,
Lord Jesus save me or I'm gone.



SUPPLICATION AND PRAYER.



HYMN XXXVII. S. M.

1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there,

- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
'The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire ;
And yet how far from thee I lie !
Dear Jesus raise me higher.
-

HYMN XXXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore,
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power !
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear :
Come then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear !
- 4 Appear, as when of old confest,
The suff'ring Son of God ;
And let them see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.
- 5 The stony from their hearts remove,
Thou, who for all hast dy'd ;
Shew them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side !
- 6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin ;
Thy hands they all stretch'd out may see,
To take thy murd'ers in.
- 7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.
- 8 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true ;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
" I suffer'd this for you !"

HYMN XXXIX.

- 1 **L**ORD! and is thine anger gone?
And art thou pacify'd?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are;
Beneath the weight I cannot move:
O, tis more than I can bear,
The sense of pard'ning love!
- 2 Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway;
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way;
Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my ev'ry thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.
- 3 If I have begun once more
Thy sweet return to feel;
If ev'n now I find thy pow'r
Present my soul to heal;
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace;
Never more resist, or fly
From thy pursuing grace.
- 4 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From my dear Lord to move;

That I never, never more
 May with my much lov'd Master part,
 To the posts of mercy's door,
 O nail my willing heart.

5 See my utter helplessness,
 And leave me not alone,
 O preserve in perfect peace,
 And seal me for thine own.
 More and more thyself reveal,
 Thy presence let me always find ;
 Comfort, and confirm, and heal,
 My feeble, sin-sick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye,
 Thy weakest servant keep ;
 Help me at thy feet to lie,
 And there for ever weep :
 Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
 That I have any hope of heav'n ;
 Much of love I ought to know,
 For I have much forgiv'n.

HYMN XL. S. M.

1 **T**HE praying spirit breathe,
 The watching pow'r impart ;
 From all entanglement beneath
 Call off my peaceful heart ;
 My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts oppress ;
 Appear and bid me turn again
 To my eternal rest.

- 2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize,
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace :
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.
-

HYMN XLI. L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Saviour, Jesus from above !
Assist me with thy heav'nly grace ;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free !
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue :
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine ;
Nor will I hear, nor, will I speak,
Of any love but thine.

- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul :
Possess it thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.
-

HYMN XLII. L. M.

Encouragement to Pray.

- 1 **M**Y soul, take courage from the Lord,
Believe and plead his holy word ;
To him alone, do thou complain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 2 Upon him call in humble prayer ;
Thou still art his peculiar care ;
He'll surely turn and smile again,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 3 However sinful, weak, and poor,
Still wait and pray at mercy's door,
Faithful Jehovah must remain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 4 Though the wild tempter's hellish rage
Will, with his darts, thy soul engage,
God through the fight shall thee sustain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

- 5 Though the corruptions of thy heart
D. ily new cause of grief impart,
Pray that thy lusts may all be slain;
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 6 Though sharp afflictions still abound,
And clouds and darkness thee surround,
Still pray, for God will all explain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 7 In him and him alone confide,
Still at the throne of grace abide,
Eternal victory thou shalt gain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

HYMN XLIII. C. M.

*My presence shall go with thee. and I will give
thee rest. Exod. xxxiii. 14.*

- 1 **T**HUS to each saint, while here below,
Has God his love express'd;
My presence still shall with thee go,
And I will give thee rest.
- 2 This, as thy comfort thou shalt know,
The sweetest and the best;
My presence shall with thee abide,
And I will give thee rest.
- 3 Though with affliction's swelling tide
Thou sorely art oppress'd,
My presence shall with thee abide,
And I will give thee rest.

- 4 Though fierce temptations round thee flow,
And fears thy soul infest;
Still shall my presence with thee go,
And I will give thee rest.
- 5 Through all thy pilgrimage below,
Thou surely shalt be bless'd;
Thus shall my presence with thee go,
And I will give thee rest.
- 6 When death to call thee shall appear,
Still lean upon my breast;
My presence shall support thee there,
And I will give thee rest.
- 7 Then let his praise be our employ,
Till we're of heaven possess'd
His presence there shall we enjoy,
And there he'll give us rest.
-

HYMN XLIV. L. M.

- 1 **S**AY, which of you would see the Lord?
You all may now obtain the grace :
Behold him in the written word,
Where John unveils the Saviour's face.
- 2 Clear as the trumpet's voice he speaks
To ev'ry soul that turns its ear ;
Amidst the golden candlesticks
He walks : and lo ! he now is here.

- 3 Present to all believing souls,
They see him with an eagle's eye ;
Down to his feet a garment rolls,
Stain'd with a glorious crimson die.
- 4 A golden girdle binds his breast,
Whence streams of consolation flow,
Milk for his new-born babes, who rest
In him, nor other comfort know.
- 5 His form is as the Son of Man,
His eyes are as a flame of fire ;
They dart a sin-consuming pain,
And life and joy divine inspire.
- 6 His spotless purity of soul,
We by a lovely emblem know :
His head and hair are white as wool,
White are they as the driven snow.
- 7 Glitter his feet like polish'd brass
That long hath in the furnace shone,
Brighter than lightning is his face,
Brighter than the meridian sun.
- 8 As many waters, sounds his word,
Sev'n stars he holds in his right hand,
Out of his mouth a two-edg'd sword
Goes forth : before it who can stand ?
- 9 Lord, at thy feet we fall as dead,
Lay thy right hand upon our soul,
Scatter our fears, thy Spirit shed,
And all our unbelief controul.

- 10 Tell us, "I am the First and Last;
 "Who liv'd and dy'd for all, am I !
 "And lo ! my bitter death is past,
 "And lo ! I live no more to die !
- 11 "I have the keys of death and hell"—
 Amen ! thy record we receive,
 And wait till thou our spirits seal,
 And all in all for ever live !
-

HYMN XLV. C. M.

*God hath commanded all men every where to
 repent. Acts xvii. 30.*

- 1 **R**EPENT, the voice celestial cries,
 Nor longer dare delay :
 The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the piercing eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
 His Heralds are dispatch'd abroad
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 The summons reach through all the earth,
 Let earth attend and fear :
 Listen, ye men of royal birth,
 And let your vassals hear.
- 4 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess ;
 Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.

- 5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar ;
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.
- 6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days !
Our hearts subdu'd by goodness, fall
And weep, and love, and praise.
-

HYMN XLVI. L. M.

So will I go unto the King, which is not according to law ; and if I perish, I perish.
Esth. iv. 16.

- 1 **S**INNERS, expos'd to dreadful wo,
Arise and to King Jesus go ;
Your guilt confess, his favour seek,
And wait to hear what God will speak.
- 2 Fear not the law 'tis grace that reigns,
Jesus the sinner's cause maintains ;
He ransom'd rebels with his blood,
And now he interceeds with God.
- 3 To him approach with fervent prayer,
And if you perish, perish there ;
Resolv'd at Jesus' feet to lie,
Sueing for mercy till you die.
- 4 Like Esther venture near his throne,
And make your supplications known,
Tell him the cause of all your grief,
And he will grant you quick relief.

- 5 Thrice happy souls, who thus address
The God of love and boundless grace,
Jesus will such completely save,
And life eternal they shall have.
-

HYMN XLVII. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, all I am is known to thee ;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee,
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within :
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep, and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by Sov'reign love.

HYMN XLVIII. P. M.

Christ our Advocate.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
And my troubled weary spirit
Now finds rest in thee my God.
- 2 I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie,
Sin and Satan cannot harm me
While my Saviour is so nigh.
- 3 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same.
- 4 He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find;
Whosoe'er on him believeth
He will never cast behind.
- 5 Now our Advocate is pleading
With his Father and our God:
Now for us he's interceding
As the purchase of his blood.
- 6 Now methinks I hear him praying,
"Father, spare them; I have dy'd;"
And the Father answers, saying,
"They are freely justify'd."

HYMN XLIX.

- 1 **T**IS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love thee Lord or no ;
Am I his or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ;
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove ;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn mine eyes within,
O how dark, and vain, and wild !
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Faith is weak in all I do ;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me is it thus with you.
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall !
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

- 7 Could I joy with saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd:
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou, who art thy people's sun ;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.
-

HYMN L. C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, how dang'rous is the place,
Where my poor soul doth stand,
With all my sins without thy grace,
And death on either hand !
- 2 Time, like a torrent, swift doth hurl,
And steals my breath away :
It drives me to the nether world,
Without the least delay.
- 3 Soon will these mortal cords be broke,
And I shall lose my breath ;
Soon must I feel the dreadful stroke
Of an all conquering death.
- 4 Then would it tear my bleeding heart,
And fill me with despair,
If Christ should bid my soul depart,
Where hope is known no more.

5 Extend, extend, O Lamb of God,
Thy blessed arm of power ;
Speak to my soul one saving word,
In this distressing hour.

6 O let me now redemption know,
And taste immortal love :
And let me with thy people go
To the bright realms above.

HYMN LI. S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song, with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne ;
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But servants of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas ;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love :
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.
- 3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin !
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in :

Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow ;
 Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry ;
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN LII.

1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne, my surety stands ;
 My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede ;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood aton'd for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary :
 They pour effectual pray'rs,
 They strongly speak for me :

Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One,
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear :
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father ! cry.

HYMN LIIL

- 1 **M**Y God I am thine, what a comfort divine ;
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is
mine !
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am !
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his
name.
- 2 True pleasures abound in th' rapturous sound ;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found :
My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below !
- 3 Yet onward I haste to th' heavenly feast ;
'That, that is the fulness ; but this is the taste,
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus' love.

HYMN LIV. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
 - 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
 - 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
 - 4 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.
-

HYMN LV. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all thy length
Of the celestial road :
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake, awake my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful song,
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

HYMN LVI. C. M.

1 **W**HEN all the mercies of my God;
My rising soul surveys ;
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
In wonder, love, and praise ?

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd ;
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast :

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

- 3 When, in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths;
It gently clear'd my way ;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
- 8 Through all eternity, to thee,
A grateful song I'll raise ;
But O ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.
-

HYMN LVII. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW happy ev'ry child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiv'n !
This earth, he cries, is not my place ;
I seek my place in heav'n :
A country far from mortal sight :
Yet, O ! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepar'd for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
 And antedate that day:
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heav'n bestow!
 And when the vessels break;
 Our ransom'd spirits then shall go,
 To grasp the God we seek;
 In rapt'rous awe on him I'll gaze,
 Who bought the fight for me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 Through all eternity!

HYMN LVIII.

1 **H** E A D of the church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee!
 Till thou appear, thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory;
 We lift our hearts and voices,
 With blest anticipation;
 And cry aloud, and give to God
 The praise of our salvation

2 While in afflictions furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise, which knows no days,
 And ever brings us nigher:

We clap our hands exulting
 In thine almighty favour ;
 The love divine, which made us thine,
 Can keep us thine for ever.

- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people,
 Through torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation :
 The world, with sin and Satan
 In vain our march opposes :
 By thee we shall break thro' them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith, we see the glory,
 To which thou shalt restore us,
 The cross despise, for that high prize,
 Which thou hast set before us :
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand, at God's right-hand,
 To take us up to heaven.



HYMN LIX. L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
 We now with all thy saints agree,
 And bow our inmost souls before
 Thy glorious awful Majesty.
- 2 The King of nations we proclaim ;
 Who would not our great sov'reign fear ?
 We long t' experience all thy name,
 And now we come to meet thee here.

- 3 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait ;
And O how dreadful is this place !
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.
- 4 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh,
To thee our trembling hearts aspire :
And lo ! we see descend from high,
The pillar and the flame of fire.
- 5 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill :
To Canaan's bounds point out the way;
And bring us to the holy hill.
- 6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the gen'ral church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.
- 7 Come, Lord, our souls are on the wing,
Now on thy great white throne appear,
And let mine eyes behold my King,
And let me see my Saviour there.

HYMN LX.

- 1 **O** Glorious hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above !
It bears on eagle's wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul to taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

- 2 The things eternal I pursue ;
 A happiness beyond the view
 Of those that basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen :
 Their honours, wealth, and pleasures, mean,
 I neither have nor want.
- 3 Nothing on earth I call my own :
 A stranger to the world, unknown,
 I all their goods despise :
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a city out of sight,
 A city in the skies.
- 4 There is my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home ;
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come !
- 5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
 I come, to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heav'nly rest ;
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
 Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to thy breast !



HYMN LXI. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS hath dy'd that I might live,
 Might live to God alone ;
 In him eternal life receive,
 And be in spirit one.

- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for thy grace,
The gift unspeakable :
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,
The perfect bliss to prove ;
My longing heart is all on fire,
To be dissolv'd in love.
- 4 Give me thyself, from ev'ry boast,
From ev'ry sin set free ;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas ! can not suffice,
Unless thyself be giv'n ;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heav'n.



HYMN LXII. C. M.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel-grace,
Christ shall in me appear !
I, even I shall see his face ;
I shall be holy here.

- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view ;
Conqu'ror through him I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.

- 3 The promis'd land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see ;
My hope is full (O glorious hope)
Of immortality.
- 4 He visits now this house of clay ;
He shakes his future home :
O would'st thou, Lord, in this glad day,
Into thy temple come.
- 5 With me I know, I feel thou art,
But this can not suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart,
A constant paradise.
- 6 My earth thou wat'rest from on high ;
But make it all a pool :
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.
- 7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal !
Fill all this mighty void :
Thou only canst my spirit fill,
Come, O my God, my God
Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity :
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee.

HYMN LXIII. C. M.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.—Psalm cxxx. 5.

- 1 **H**ERE, at thy throne of sovereign grace,
I bow before thee, Lord;
And wait to see thy smiling face,
Still hoping in thy word.
- 2 One glimpse of thee, thou God of love,
Will peace and joy afford;
And here I wait, that glimpse to prove,
Still hoping in thy word.
- 3 Out of the depths of sin and grief,
I cry to be restor'd;
And wait till thou shalt send relief,
Still hoping in thy word.
- 4 Forgiveness, Lord, is still with thee,
That thou may'st be ador'd;
And here I wait for pardon free,
Still hoping in thy word.
- 5 I wait for thee, my soul doth wait;
Thy love I'll here record;
Thy praise, in songs, I'll celebrate,
Still hoping in thy word.
- 6 On thee, my God, the first and last,
My shield, and my reward,
I'll wait, till life and time are past;
Still hoping in thy word.

HYMN LXIV. C. M.

I will not let thee go except thou bless me.

Gen. xxxii. 21.

- 1 **A**S Jacob did in days of old,
So will my soul do now;
Wrestle, and on my Jesus hold,
Nor will I let him go.
- 2 Like Jacob I am weak and faint,
And overwhelm'd with woe;
Lord, hear and pity my complaint!
For I'll not let thee go.
- 3 I come, encourag'd by thy word,
That mercy thou wilt show;
Except thou bless me, dearest Lord,
I will not let thee go.
- 4 I come to ask forgiveness free,
Though I have been thy foe;
Except thou grant it, Lord, to me,
I will not let thee go.
- 5 I come, to open all my wounds,
My sorrows, and my woe;
Except thy healing grace abounds,
I will not let thee go.
- 6 I come, to tell thee all my fears,
And conflicts here below;
Except thy mercy, Lord, appears,
I will not let thee go.

- 7 I come, thy promises to plead,
Where love and mercy flow ;
Except thou bless thy word, indeed
I will not let thee go.
- 8 I come, to give thee this vile heart,
Which sin has mangled so ;
Except salvation thou impart,
I will not let thee go.
- 9 I come to claim thee as my own,
And all things else forego ;
Except thou grant me this sweet boon,
I will not let thee go.
- 10 I come to ask for all thy love,
And all thou canst bestow ;
Except these blessings, Lord, I prove,
I will not let thee go.
- 11 Thus, will I wrestle while I live,
A pilgrim here below,
And when in glory I arrive,
I will not let thee go.
-

HYMN LXV. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.
- 3 Jesus, thine all victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad !
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.
- 4 O that in me the sacred fire,
Might now begin to glow !
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow !
- 5 O that it now from heav'n might fall
And all my sins consume :
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.
- 6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through ev'ry part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire ;
When enter'd into rest,
I only live my God t' admire,
My God for ever blest.
- 8 My steadfast soul from falling free,
Shall then no longer move ;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

HYMN LXVI.

1 **W**HAT now is my object and aim?
 What now is my hope and desire
 To follow the heavenly Lamb,
 And after his image aspire :
 My hope is all center'd in thee :
 I trust to recover thy love ;
 On earth thy salvation to see,
 And then to enjoy thee above.

2 I thirst for the life-giving word :
 My Lord, who on Calvary dy'd ;
 A fountain of water and blood,
 Which gush'd from Immanuel's side ;
 I gasp for the stream of thy love,
 The spirit of rapture unknown ;
 And then to re-drink it above,
 Eternally fresh from the throne.

 HYMN LXVII. C. M.

I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord.
 Psalm cxix. 174.

1 **G**OD, my salvation ! condescend
 To bow thine ear to me,
 While I to thee my wishes send,
 With whom I long to be.

2 Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
 O wilt thou set me free,
 And to thy glory take me in !
 For there I long to be.

- 3 Burden'd, dejected, and oppress'd,
Ah ! whither shall I flee,
But to thy arms, for peace and rest,
For there I long to be.
- 4 Empty, polluted, dark, and vain,
Is all this world to me ;
May I the better world obtain !
For there I long to be.
- 5 Help a poor pilgrim, Lord to come,
Though weak and faint, to thee ;
And reach, at last my wish'd for home,
For there I long to be.
- 6 Lord, let a tempest-tossed soul,
That peaceful harbor see,
Where waves and billows never roll,
For there I long to be.
- 7 Let a poor laborer, here below,
When from his toil set free,
To rest, and peace eternal go,
For there I long to be.
- 8 View, dearest Lord, my longing heart,
Which pants and sighs for thee ;
And, O, thyself and heav'n impart,
For there I long to be.

HYMN LXVIII.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace !
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise ;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it :
Mount of thy redeeming love !
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home :
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood !
- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee ;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it :
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN LXIX.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O ! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend :
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN LXX. L. M.

Christ the one thing needful.

- 1 **A**TTEND, my soul, and search and see
What's the most needful thing for thee.
Can earth, with all its painted toys,
Afford thee true and solid joys?
- 2 Say, could'st thou be completely bless'd,
Of honors, pleasures, wealth possess'd?
Could any creature good below
Sufficient be?——No! Jesus, no!
- 3 No, 'tis engraven on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful, art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee!
- 4 Needful art thou, to make me live;
Needful art thou, all grace to give;
Needful, to guide me, lest I stray;
Needful, to help me, ev'ry day.
- 5 Needful, to clothe my naked soul;
Needful, to heal and make me whole;
Needful, my feeble soul to guard;
Needful, to be my great reward.
- 6 Needful, thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful, thy promise, to impart
New strength and vigor to my heart,

- 7 Needful is thy most precious blood;
 Needful, is thy correcting rod;
 Needful is thy indulgent care;
 Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.
- 8 Needful art thou, my soul can say,
 Through all life's dark and thorny way;
 Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
 When I yield up my soul to thee.
- 9 Needful art thou to raise my dust
 In shining glory with the just;
 Needful, when I in heaven appear;
 To crown, and to present me there.
- 10 Needful art thou, my Lord, my love,
 To tune my golden harp above;
 Needful art thou, my God, my king,
 While to eternity I sing.
- 11 There shall my soul, with joy supreme,
 Dwell on the dear, delightful theme
 (Glory and praise be ever his)
 The one thing needful Jesus is.

 HYMN LXXI.

My own case.

- 1 **A** BEGGAR poor
 At mercy's door,
 Lays such a wretch as I;
 Thou know'st my need
 Is great indeed,—
 Lord hear me when I cry!

- 2 With guilt beset
 And deep in debt,
For pardon, Lord, I pray !
 O let thy love
 Sufficient prove,
To take my sins away !
- 3 A wicked heart
 Is no small part
Of my distress and shame ;
 Let sovereign grace
 Its crimes efface,
Through Jesus' blessed name.
- 4 My darken'd mind,
 I daily find
Is prone to go astray ;
 Lord, on it shine
 With light divine,
And guide it in thy way.
- 5 My stubborn will
 Opposes still
Thy wise and holy hand ;
 Thy spirit send,
 To make it bend
To thy supreme command.
- 6 Affections wild,
 By sin defil'd,
Oft hurry me away :
 Lord, bring them home,
 Nor let them roam
From Christ the living way.

- 7 A conscience hard,
 Does oft retard
 My walk in holy peace;
 Let it by thee
 Made tender be,
 And all its hardness cease.
- 8 My mem'ry's bad,
 But what is sad,
 Can folly still retain;
 O fill it, Lord,
 With thy sweet word,
 And let it there remain.
- 9 Before thy face,
 I've told my case,
 Lord, help and mercy send:
 Pity my soul,
 And make me whole,
 And love me to the end.



HYMN LXXII. P. M.

Dialogue between a Believer and his Soul.

- 1 Bel. **C**OME, my soul, and let us try,
 For a little season,
 Ev'ry burden to lay by,
 Come and let us reason.
 What is this that casts thee down?
 Who are those that grieve thee?
 Speak, and let the worst be known,
 Speaking may relieve thee.

- 2 *Soul.* Oh ! I sink beneath the load
Of my nature's evil ;
Full of enmity to God ;
Captur'd by the devil ;
Restless as the troubled seas,
Feeble, faint, and fearful ;
Plagu'd with ev'ry sore disease,
How can I be cheerful ?
- 3 *Bel.* Think on what thy Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood at every pore,
To procure thy pardon.
See him stretch'd upon the wood,
Bleeding, grieving, crying,
Suff'ring all the wrath of God,
Groaning, gasping, dying !
- 4 *Soul.* This by faith I sometimes view,
And those views relieve me :
But my sins return anew ;
These are they that grieve me.
Oh ! I'm leprous, wretched, soul,
Quite throughout infected :
Have not I, if any soul,
Cause to be dejected ?
- 5 *Bel.* Think how loud thy dying Lord
Cry'd out " It is finish'd !"
Treasure up that sacred word,
Whole and undiminish'd.

Doubt not ; he will carry on,
To its full perfection,
That good work he has begun—
Why then this dejection ?

8 *Soul.* Faith, when void of works, is dead,
This the scriptures witness ;
And what works have I to plead,
Who am all unfitness ?
All my pow'rs are deprav'd,
Blind, perverse, and filthy :
If from death I'm fully sav'd,
Why am I not healthy ?

7 *Bel.* Pore not on thyself too long,
Lest it sink the lower ;
Look to Jesus, kind as strong,
Mercy join'd with pow'r ;
Ev'ry work that thou must do,
Will thy gracious Saviour
For the work, and in the too,
Of his special favour.

8 *Soul.* Jesus' precious blood once spilt
I depend on solely,
To release and clear my guilt,
But I would be holy.

Bel. He that bought thee on the cross
Can control thy nature,
Fully purge away thy dross,
Make thee a new creature.

- 9 *Soul.* That he can I nothing doubt,
 Be it but his pleasure.
Bel. Though it be not done throughout,
 May it not in measure ?
Soul. When that measure, far from great,
 Still shall seem decreasing !
Bel. Faint not then ; but pray and wait,
 Never, never ceasing.
- 10 *Soul.* What when prayer meets no regard ?
Bel. Still repeat it often.
Soul. But I feel myself so hard—
Bel. Jesus will thee soften.
Soul. But my enemies make head,
Bel. Let them closer drive thee.
Soul. But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead,
Bel. Jesus will revive thee.

 HYMN LXXIII.

- 1 **T**HOU great mysterious God unknown,
 Whose love hath gently led me on,
 Ev'n from my infant days ;
 Mine inmost soul expose to view,
 And tell me if I ever knew,
 Thy justifying grace.
- 2 If I have only known thy fear,
 And follow'd with a heart sincere,
 Thy drawing from above :
 Now, now the farther grace bestow,
 And let my sprinkled conscience know,
 Thy sweet forgiving love.

- 3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
 A stranger to the gospel hope,
 The sense of sin forgiv'n :
 I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
 Without the inward witness live,
 That antepast of heav'n.
- 4 If now the Witness were in me,
 Would he not testify of thee,
 In Jesus reconcil'd ?
 And should I not with faith draw nigh,
 And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
 I know myself thy child ?
- 5 Ah ! never let thy servant rest,
 Till of my part in Christ possess'd,
 I on thy mercy feed :
 Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
 Yet rais'd by him who dy'd for all,
 To eat the children's bread.
- 6 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,
 Or sin, or righteousness, remove,
 Thy glory to display :
 My heart of unbelief convince,
 And now absolve me from my sins,
 And take them all away.

MYMN LXXIV. L. M.

MY hope, my All, my Saviour thou,
 To thee lo ! now my soul I bow ;
 I feel the bliss my wounds impart,
 I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
- 3 Correct, reprove and comfort me ;
As I have need, my Saviour be :
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's pow'r
Tear ev'ry idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour—reign alone:
- 5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more :
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

HYMN LXXV L. M.

Hope encouraged.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind ?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind ?
Am I not safe as God is nigh ?
He holds all nature in his hand ;
That precious hand on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give,

- 2 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
 On him alone my hopes recline ;
 The wondrous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread ! how bright they shine !
 Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !
 Unchanging faithfulness and love !
 Here will I trust, while I adore,
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
-

HYMN LXXVI. P. M.

Dwelling in Mesech.

- 1 **W**HAT a mournful life is mine,
 Fill'd with crosses pains and cares !
 Ev'ry work defil'd with sin,
 Ev'ry step beset with snares !
- 2 If alone I pensive sit,
 I myself can hardly bear ;
 If I pass along the street,
 Sin and riot triumph there.
- 3 Jesus how my heart is pain'd,
 How it mourns for souls deceiv'd !
 When I hear thy name profan'd,
 When I see thy spirit griev'd !
- 4 When thy children's grief I view,
 Their distress becomes my own ;
 All I hear or see or do,
 Makes me tremble, weep and groan

- 5 Mourning thus I long had been,
When I heard my Saviour's voice;
"Thou hast cause to mourn for sin,
But in me thou may'st rejoice."
- 6 This kind word dispell'd my grief,
Put to silence my complaints;
Though of sinners I'm the chief,
He has rank'd me with his saints.
- 7 Though constrain'd to dwell a while,
Where the wicked strive and brawl;
Let them frown, if he but smile,
Heaven will make amends for all.
- 8 There, believers, we shall rest,
Free from sorrow, sin and fears;
Nothing there our peace molest,
Through eternal rounds of years.
- 9 Let us then the fight endure,
See our Captain looking down;
He will make the conquest sure,
And bestow the promised crown.

REJOICING AND PRAISE.

HYMN LXXVII.

Thou art my God, and I will praise thee.
 Psalm cxviii. 28.

- 1 **E**TERNAL sovereign, Lord of all!
 Prostrate before thy throne I fall;
 While here my claim and song I raise,
 Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.
- 2 Hence all my comfort, safety, peace,
 And all those joys which never cease,
 Thou life and strength of all my ways,
 Thou art my God and thee I'll praise,
- 3 In all my trials and my fears,
 In all my sorrows and my tears,
 In all my dark and gloomy days,
 Thou art my God and thee I'll praise.
- 4 But, O, what heart or tongue can tell
 What glories in this passage dwell!
 My soul on this foundation stays,
 Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.
- 5 Be this on earth my sweet support,
 My treasure, pleasure, and resort;
 This be my joy through death's dark maze,
 Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.

- 6 Be this my glory when I rise
To that bright world above the skies;
For ever there this song I'll raise,
Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.



HYMN LXXVIII P. M.

The Lord in his Garden.

- 1 **T**HE Lord into his garden comes;
The Spices yield a rich perfume;
The lilies grow and thrive:
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flows to ev'ry vine,
Which makes the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become!
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun;
My soul a witness is:
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me:
Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour, pitiful and kind;

Who will them all receive !
None are too late who will repent ;
Out of one sinner, legions went ;
Jesus did him relieve.

5 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high :
It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.

7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply :
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
Which never will run dry.

8 There will we reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home ;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon shall we meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

- 9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet him in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there.
 Now here's my heart, now here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.
- 10 There, on that peaceful, happy shore.
 We'll sing and shout our suff'rings o'er,
 In sweet redeeming love :
 We'll shout and praise our conqu'ring King,
 Who dy'd himself that he might bring
 Us rebels near to God.
-

HYMN LXXIX.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King ;
 Your Lord and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore ;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say rejoice.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
 The God of truth and love,
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above :
 Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n ;
 Lift up your hearts, &c.

- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit;
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the Judge, shall come;
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The-trump of God shall sound rejoice!
-

HYMN LXXX. C. M.

The Coronation of Christ.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all,
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all;

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Babes, men and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.
-

HYMN LXXXI. L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

- 2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd!
- 3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight!
He sees their hope, he knows their fears
And looks, and loves his image there.
-

HYMN LXXXII. L. M.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow, with sacred joy,
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay and form'd us men!
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise:
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command;
 Vast as eternity thy love:
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.
-

HYMN LXXXIII.

The spirited voyage.

- 1 **J**ESUS at thy command
 I launch into the deep;
 And leave my native land
 Where sin lulls all asleep;
 For thee, I would the world resign,
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise,
 My compass is thy word;
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord:
 I trust thy faithfulness and power,
 To save me in the trying hour.


- 3 Though rocks and quick-sands deep,
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor-hope shall firm abide,
And I, each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul thy sails expand
And sail to Jesus' breast;
O, may I reach the heavenly shore
Where sin and waves distress no more.
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss;
Be thou, dear Lord still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss.
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempest bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come Holy Ghost and blow
A precious gale of grace;
Waft me from all below
To heaven my destin'd place;
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN LXXXIV. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE great God of love has shewn us the
way,
And taught us the Impartial song;
The spirit is come, and the work is begun,
And we all are united in love.
- 2 Now sin begins to die, grace gains the victory,
And pride falls a prey to the ground:
We lift up our heads, as we rise from the dead,
And the glory of God shines around.
- 3 Salvation we see, for all is most free;
The members of Christ are all one:
We'll march uniform, and with courage face the
storm,
In the battle our Saviour has won.
- 4 United in one, the race we will run,
Press forward in faith without fear:
Such glory pursue, as the world never knew,
Never will, till the gospel they hear.
- 5 The Reprover of sin hath shewn us the way,
The Comforter leads us along;
The book is unseal'd, Judah's Lion takes the
field,
And he learns us the Impartial Song.
- 5 We'll mount on the wing, and with ardour we'll
sing;
Our echoing voices are one:
His praise we will sound on Immanuel's ground,
What a loving Redeemer has done.

- 7 And since it is so, we'll all join and go,
And keep on Immanuel's ground,
Until time is done, and eternity's begun,
We'll all sing the impartial song.
- 8 We will then tune our lays in anthems of praise,
And join with the seraphs above;
Free grace we will sound through eternity's
round
When our union shall heighten in love.
- 9 Now let us be true, our journey pursue
Toward heaven, our glorious home;
Press on by the word Christ left on record,
Singing glory to Jesus—Amen.
-

HYMN LXXXV. P. M.

- 1 **I**N the house of King David a fountain doth
spring
For sin and uncleanness from Jesus our King;
This fountain flows sweetly whenever apply'd,
It sprang from the bowels of Christ when he
dy'd.
- 2 This fountain was open'd by th' soldier's spear,
The blood and the water flow'd both out so dear;
It is balsom for th' wounded, and balm for the
sick,
'Tis sight for the blinded, and strength for the
weak.
- 

- 3 If you are distress'd and burden'd with sin,
Come wash in this fountain, and you shall be
clean ;
Here's all things provided for sinners undone,
And you are invited and welcome to come.
- 4 If you are o'erburden'd with mountains of
thrall
This well of salvation stands open for all:
Come draw, when you are weary, and drink
when your'e dry,
It was for the needy that Jesus did die.
- 5 If you are distress'd with mountains of guilt,
O wash in this fountain that Jesus hath spilt ;
You need not go mourning for sin very long,
Believe in your Saviour, and sing the new song.
- 6 The song of Salvation, it is so divine,
There's music and melody in ev'ry line:
It was sung by the Hebrews when deliv'rance
they found,
When Simeon finds Jesus, sweet praises doth
sound.
- 7 There is a day coming in which saints shall
sing
Sweet anthems of praises to Jesus our King,
Then we shall mount up from all sorrow and
pain,
The kingdom of heaven eternally gain:

- 3 O sinners, we're trav'ling to yonder bright world
From which by transgression, the angels were
hurl'd;
We bid you a final, eternal farewell,
Unless you're converted, you will sink to hell.
- 9 Awake, O poor sinner! awake from your sin!
But if you will slight us again and again,
'Tho' sorry to leave you, and for you we'll pray,
When God speaks your sentence, *Amen* we must
say.
-

HYMN LXXXVI.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

- 5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
 I'd break through ev'ry foe ;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Would bear me conqu'ror through.
-

HYMN LXXXVII.

- 1 **T**ELL me no more of this world's vain
 store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er ;
 A country I've found, where true joys abound,
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
- 2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive :
 My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort—go after him
 go.
 Lo ! onward I move to a city above,
 None guesses how wond'rous my journey will
 prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and
 sin,
 Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ with-
 in :
 And when I'm to die, receive me ! I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why :

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
 He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind:
 So this is the race I'm running, thro' grace:
 Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's
 face.

6 And now I'm in care, my neighbours may share
 These blessings; to seek them will none of you
 dare?

In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
 When one here assures you free grace is so
 nigh?

HYMN LXXXVIII. P. M.

Longing for Heaven.

1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above;
 And from that flowing fountain
 Drink everlasting love?
 When shall I be deliver'd
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not give o'er;
 If I continue faithful,
 A righteous crown he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

- 3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love, I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu ;
And, O my friends be faithful,
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armour
Of faith, and hope, and love ;
Then when the combat's ended
He'll carry you above.
- 5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend ;
And if you want more knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend :
Neither will he upbraid you,
Tho' oft'ner you request ;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.
- 6 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entomb'd millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransom'd dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on.

And soar to the blest mansion
Where our Redeemer's gone.

- 7 Our eyes shall then with rapture
The Saviour's face behold ;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold ;
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing ;
Our tongues shall chant the glory
Of our immortal King.
-

HYMN LXXXIX. P. M.

The Good Physician.

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition
'Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul !
Next door to death he found me
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wond'rous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compar'd to sin ;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within ;
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,
And madness all combin'd ;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain ;
 But this prov'd more distressing,
 And added to my pain :
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost ;
 Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
 (How matchless is his grace !)
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had seal'd :
 Then bade me look unto him ;
 And I look'd and I was heal'd.

5 A risen living Jesus,
 Seen by an eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death :
 Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only look and live.



HYMN XC. C. M.

1 **S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears !
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power.
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Glory, &c.

- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Glory, &c.

HYMN XCI. S. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above
For us whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspire our songs.

- 4 Sing till we hear Christ say,
 "Your sins are all forgiv'n"
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day,
 Till we all sing in heav'n.
-

HYMN XCII.

- 1 **Y**E simple souls that stray
Far from the path of peace,
That unfrequented way,
 To life and happiness;
How long will ye your folly love,
 And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
 And mock the sons of God!
- 2 Madness and misery
 Ye count our life beneath,
And nothing great can see,
 Or glorious in our death!
As born to suffer and to grieve,
 Beneath your feet we lie;
And utterly contemn'd we live,
 And unlamented die.
- 3 Poor pensive sojourners,
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes,
Perplex'd with needless fears,
 And pleasure's mortal foes:
More irksome than a gaping tomb,
 Our sight ye cannot bear,
Wrapt in the melancholy gloom
 Of fanciful despair.

- 4 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish weak and poor,
Above your scorn we rise :
Our conscience, in the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things :
For he whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings.
- 5 Riches, unsearchable,
In Jesus' love we know,
And pleasures, from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow ;
From him the spirit we receive
Of wisdom grace and pow'r,
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.
- 6 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace ;
Our guardians to that heav'nly bliss,
They all our steps attend ;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our friend.
- 7 With him we walk in white,
We in his image shine,
Our robes are robes of light,
Our righteousness divine :
On all the mortal kings of earth,
With pity we look down,
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

HYMN XCIII. P. M.

The Jewels of the Lord.

- 1 **Y**E jewels of my master,
Who shine with heavenly rays.
Amid the beams of glory
Reflect immortal blaze.
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown'd.
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.
- 2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
The purchase of his blood,
Who feed among the lilies,
Beside the purple flood;
Go on ye happy pilgrims,
Your journey still pursue;
And at a humble distance,
I'll sing and follow too.
- 3 When I beheld your order,
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers
In pure devotion roll,
And gems immortal glowing.
With such enlivening grace,
I view'd the Saviour's image
Imprest on every face.
- 4 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion join'd;

Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you'll win the prize.

5 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Releas'd from cumb'rous clay;
He'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

6 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightning's waving,
Shall wing the dead profound;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands,
Lo you're redeem'd forever
From death's corrupted bands.

7 As Aaron with his girdle
In shining jewels drest,
Bore all the tribes of Israel
Inscrib'd upon his breast;
So will the priests of Zion,
Before the Father's throne
Present the heirs of glory,
And God the kindred own.

- 8 The golden bells will echo
Around the sacred hill;
And sweet immortal anthems
The vocal regions fill;
In everlasting beauty
The shining millions stand,
Safe on the rock of ages,
Amid the promis'd land.
- 9 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures
Be lost in love profound;
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumber'd throng.
-

HYMN XCIV. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, thou all redeeming Saviour,
All our doubts and darkness chase,
Let us now through thee find favour,
Let us all thy love embrace.

CHORUS.

- O pray on brethren, O glory hallelujah,
Pray on sisters, serve the Lord.
- 2 O display thy grace and glory;
Here thy feeble followers bless,
Now let sinners bow before thee,
And redeeming love confess.
- O pray on brethren, O glory hallelujah,
Pray on sisters, serve the Lord.

HYMN XCV. C. M.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me :
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
 - 2 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height,
To comprehend th' eternal mind,
And grasp the infinite.
 - 3 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess'd,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.
-

HYMN XCVI.

- 1 **H**ARK ! how the gospel-trumpet sounds !
Thro' all the earth the echo bounds !
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God ;
And guides them safely by his word.
To endless day.
- 2 Hail ! all victorious conqu'ring Lord !
Be thou by all thy works ador'd,
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation thro' thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign,
In endless day.

- 3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
The palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.
- 4 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.
-

HYMN XCVII.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King.
As we journey let us sing :
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways !
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed ! be glad,
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brether to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land :
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our father be,
And we still will follow thee !

HYMN XCVIII. P. M.

Love to Christ.

- 1 **O** JESUS, my Saviour to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at
thy feet ;
In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh and blood ;
Thou art my redeemer, my Lord and my God.
- 2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my love,
I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my Dove ;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost
know,
But how much I love thee I never can show.
- 3 All human expressions are empty and vain,
They cannot unridle this heavenly flame ;
I'm sure if the tongue of an angel were mine,
I could not this myst'ry completely define.
- 4 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wond'rous account !
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount ;
L 2

I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

5 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest !
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest !
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song;
Thy grace shall inspire my heart and my tongue.

6 O, who's like my Saviour ? he's Salem's bright
King !
He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to
sing ;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud
and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirits doth fill.

HYMN XCIX. C. M.

1 **H**OW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God !

- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.
-

HYMN C. C. M.

The true Penitent.

- 1 **H**ARK ! hear the sound on earth is found,
My soul delights to hear ;
Of dying love, that's from above,
Of pardon bought so dear.
- 2 God's ministers, like flames of fire,
Are passing through the land :
The voice is, Hear, repent and fear,
King Jesus is at hand.
- 3 God's chariots they no longer stay ;
They're mounted on the truth :
The saints in prayer, cry, Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on the youth.
- 4 Young converts sing, and praise their King,
And bless God's Holy name ;
Whilst older saints, true penitents,
Rejoice to join the theme.

- 5 God grant a shower of his great power
On ev'ry aching heart,
Who sincerely to God do cry,
That they may have a part.
- 6 Come, lovely youth, embrace the truth,
Agree with one accord,
And use your tongues while you are young,
In praising of the Lord.
-

HYMN CI. P. M.

Christ's Ascension.

- 1 **C**LAP your hands ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call;
Lift your voice, and shout his praise,
Triumph in his matchless grace.
- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes his seat above the skies;
Shout, ye angels choirs, aloud,
Echoing to the trump of God.
- 3 Sons of men the triumph join,
Praise him with the hosts divine;
Emulate the heavenly pow'rs,
Their victorious Lord is our's.
- 4 Shout the God enthron'd above,
Loud proclaim his conqu'ring love;
Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious King.

- 3 Pow'r is all to Jesus given,
Pow'r o'er hell, earth and heaven ;
Jesus, power to us impart,
Then we'll praise with all our heart.
-

HYMN CII. P. M.

Redemption.

- 1 **C**OME, friends and relations, let's join heart
and hand,
The voice of the Turtle is heard in our land ;
Let's all walk together and follow the sound,
And march to the place where Redemption is
found.
- 2 The place is not hidden nor is it conceal'd,
All mortals may know it, for it is reveal'd :
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and wo.
- 3 And you, my dear brethren, who love my dear
Lord,
Who've witness'd free pardon through faith in
his word,
Let patience attend you wherever you be,
In Christ you've Redemption, 'tis purchas'd, tis
free.
- 4 We read of commotions and signs in the skies,
The sun and the moon shall be cloth'd in disguise ;
And when you shall see all these tokens appear,
Then lift up your heads, your Redemption
draws near.

- 5 O then the Archangel the trumpet shall sound,
And wake all the saints that sleep under the
ground !
The sound of the trumpet shall bid you arise,
To meet your Redemption with joy and surprise.
- 6 And then loving Jesus our souls will receive,
From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve ;
Then we shall be perfect, and we shall be free,
We'll sing of Redemption wherever we be.
- 7 Redeemed from sin, and redeemed from death,
Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from the
earth,
Redeem'd from damnation, redeem'd from all wo,
We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.
- 8 Redeemed from pain, and redeem'd from distress,
The fruits of Redemption no tongue can express;
Redemption was purchas'd by Jesus' free love.
We'll sing of Redemption in heaven above.
-

HYMN CIII. L. M.

- 1 **J**OIN all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame :
Great God ! prepare each heart and voice
In him, for ever, to rejoice.
- 2 Of him what wond'rous things are told !
In him what glories I behold !
For him I gladly all things leave ;
To him, my soul, for ever cleave !

- 3 In him my treasure's all contain'd ;
 By him my feeble soul's sustain'd ;
 From him what favors I receive ;
 Through him I shall for ever live.
- 4 With him I daily love to walk ;
 Of him my soul delights to talk ;
 On him I cast my ev'ry care ;
 Like him one day shall I appear.
- 5 Bless him, my soul, from day to day !
 Trust him to lead thee on thy way ;
 Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart :
 With him, O never, never part.
- 6 Take him for strength and righteousness ;
 Make him thy refuge in distress ;
 Love him above all earthly joy ;
 And him in ev'ry thing employ.
- 7 Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs ;
 To him your highest praise belongs ;
 'Tis him who glory doth prepare ;
 And him you'll sing for ever there.

HYMN CIV. S. M.

The Pool of Bethsaida.

- 1 **B**ESIDE the gospel pool
 Appointed for the poor,
 From year to year my helpless soul
 Has waited for a cure.

- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy to prove.
- 3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear and pain
As when at first I came.
- 4 O would the Lord appear
My malady to heal,
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie;
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.
- 6 But whither can I go,
There is no other pool;
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here then from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die.
- 8 No, he is full of grace,
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

HYMN CV. P. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY love inspire,
My heart with sacred fire,
And animate desire
My soul to renew :
I love my blessed Jesus,
On whom each angel gazes,
And symphony increases,
Above the ethereal blue.

CHORUS.

And O give him glory,
And O give him glory,
And O give him glory,
For glory is his own.
And you may give him glory,
And I will give him glory,
We'll shout and give him glory,
When we arrive at home.

- 2 My tender hearted Jesus,
Thy love my soul amazes,
Thou diedst for to save us,
When lost and undone :
No seraph could redeem us,
No angel could retrieve us,
No arm could relieve us,
But Jesus alone.
And O give him glory, &c.

- 3 In him I have believed,
He has my soul retrieved,
From sin he has redeemed,
My soul which was dead :
And now I love my Saviour,
For I am in his favour,
And hope with him forever,
The golden streets to tread.
And O give him glory, &c.
- 4 Yet here awhile I stay,
In hopes of that glad day,
When I am call'd away
To the mansions above :
There to enjoy the treasure,
Of unconsuming pleasure,
And shout in highest measure,
Hallelujahs of love.
And O give him glory, &c.
- 5 In hopes of seeing Jesus,
When all my conflict ceases ;
To him my love increases,
To worship and adore.
Come then, my blessed Saviour,
Vouchsafe to me thy favour,
To dwell with thee forever,
When time shall be no more.
And O give him glory, &c.
- 6 Then in the blooming garden
Of Eden, gain'd by pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan
We'll worship the Lamb :

We'll sing the song of Moses,
 While Jesus sweet composes,
 A song that never closes,
 Of praises to his name.
 And O give him glory, &c.

- 7 See yonder is the glory,
 It lies but just before me,
 And there we'll tell the story
 Of all redeeming love,
 And there we shall forever
 Drink of the flowing river,
 And ever, ever, ever,
 Surround the throne of love,
 O there we'll give thee glory,
 O there we'll give thee glory,
 O there we'll give thee glory,
 And sing the song of love.
 And you may give him glory, &c.

HYMN CVI. L. M.

The New Light.

- 1 **C**OME, all who are New-lights indeed,
 Who are from sin and bondage freed;
 From Egypt's land we've took our flight,
 For God has given us a New-light.
- 2 Long time we with the wicked trod,
 And madly ran the sinful road;
 Against the gospel we did fight,
 Scar'd at the name of a New-light.

- 3 At length the Lord in mercy call'd,
And gave us strength to give up all :
He gave us grace to choose aright
A portion with despis'd New-lights.
- 4 Despisd by man, upheld by God,
We're marching on the heavenly road :
Loud Hallelujahs we will sing
To Jesus Christ, the New-light's king.
- 5 Though by the world we are disdain'd,
And have our names cast out by men ;
Yet Christ our captain for us fights,
Nor death, nor hell, can hurt New-lights.
- 6 Come, sinners, with us New-lights join,
And taste the joys that are divine ;
Bid all your carnal mirth adieu :
Come, join and be a New-light too.
- 7 Your carnal mirth you'll count a toy,
If once you know the heavenly joy ;
No solid joys are known below,
But such as New-lights feel and know.
- 8 I know not any sect nor part,
But such as are New-lights in heart ;
If in Christ Jesus you delight,
I can pronounce you a New-light.
- 9 For since in Christ we all are one,
My soul would fain let strife alone ;
No prejudice can any bear,
No wrath in those that New-lights are.

10 Thus guarded by the Lord, we'll stand
Safe in the hollow of his hand;
Nor do we scorn the New-lights name,
Christians are all New-lights—Amen.

11 Amen, amen, so let it be;
Glory to God, this light we see:
New light from Christ to us given,
New light will be our light in heaven.

HYMN CVII. P. M.

1 **J**ESUS, thou hast dy'd for sinners,
Groan'd and bled on Calvary;
And now sets before thy Father,
There to intercede for me.

CHORUS,

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to the Lord on high!
Glory to my blessed Saviour,
Sing his praises through the sky.

2 Jesus thou art all my portion,
Present help in deep distress:
And doth lead me by thy spirit,
Through this dark wild wilderness.
Glory, glory, &c.

3 I have no continuing dwelling
Here beneath this lower sky;
But I trust my soul will triumph,
In that blest eternity.
Glory, glory, &c.

- 4 Through the merits of my Jesus,
My poor soul will reign above ;
There forever I will praise him,
Blest in the Redeemer's love.
Glory, glory, &c.
- 5 There I hope to see my Saviour;
That did bleed and die for me ;
There I hope to sing his praises
Unto all eternity.
Glory, glory, &c.
- 6 O that all my friends but knew him,
And would come and taste his love ;
That their souls with mine might view him,
In the glorious worlds above.
Glory, glory, &c.
-

HYMN CVIII. S. M.

- 1 **O** RAISE your voices high,
In praising Jesus' name,
And all your ransom'd powers employ
To celebrate his fame.
- 2 To save our souls from hell,
He suffer'd on the tree :
Not all the heavenly hosts can tell
What he endur'd for thee.
- 3 His guiltless soul was made
A sacrifice for sin,
His precious blood the ransom paid,
And makes us pure within.

- 4 The Father's love was shown
To all our guilty race ;
Then Jesus to our help came down,
And we are sav'd by grace.
- 5 Declare to all mankind,
Through Jesus' dying love,
The worst of sinners now may find
The heritage above.
- 6 Who consciously believe
That Christ for all hath dy'd,
The witness now by faith receive,
And feel the blood apply'd.
- 7 We will, through grace march on
The way of holiness;
By faith obtain the glittering crown,
And dwell where Jesus is,
- 8 The bright harmonious throng
We'll join in nobler strains,
And sing the new eternal song
Throughout the heavenly plains.
-

HYMN CIX. P. M.

Camp-Meeting.

- 1 **O** SHEPHERD of Israel, draw near,
And visit each tent in the grove ;
The thousands assembled here
Refresh with the streams of thy love.

We wait until Jesus descend
In power to quicken the dead :
Thy mercy to sinners extend ;
Let captives from bondage be freed.

2 Assist all thy servants to preach,
Endue them with heavenly fire :
The multitudes help them to teach ;
Their bosoms with rapture inspire :
The truth to their conscience apply ;
The gospel attend with thy power ;
O do not pass one sinner by ;
Let blessings descend like a shower.

3 Let parents thy promises claim,
For children expos'd to thine ire ;
O snatch them as brands from the flame,
And rescue their souls from the fire.
Attend to the penitent's cry,
And save from the depth of distress :
O Jesus, in pity draw nigh,
And fill them with heavenly peace.

HYMN CX.

Longing for a Revival.

1 **I** LONG to see the seasons come,
When sinners will come flocking home,
To taste the riches of God's love,
And sing his praises in realms above.

- 2 Hark how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 He's now a knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart;
He'll wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days and you must go
To realms of joy or endless woe;
In worlds above with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.
- 5 Come sinners all now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake:
This world give o'er leave sin behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.
- 6 Take your companions by the hand,
Take all your children in a band,
And give them up at Jesus' call,
To pardon, bless, and save them all.
- 7 When the great day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his jewels home:
On Zion's mount we then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.
- 8 O what a glorious company!
May I be there that sight to see,
And join in praise to Jesus' name,
All glorious in Jerusalem.

HYMN CXI. C. M.

1 **B**LESS God, ye servants that attend,
 Upon his solemn state,
 That in his temple night by night,
 With humble rev'rence wait.

2 Within his house lift up your hands,
 And bless his holy name :
 From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,
 Who earth and heav'n didst frame.



HYMN CXII.

Triumph over Death.

1 **H**OW happy every child of grace,
 The soul that's fill'd with joy and peace,
 That bears the fruits of righteousness :
 And kept by Jesus' power,
 Their trespasses are all forgiv'n,
 They antedate the joys of heav'n :
 In rapturous lays,
 Shout the praise
 Of Jesus' grace,
 To a lost race
 Of sinners, brought to happiness
 Through the atoning blood of Jesus.

2 Satan may tempt and hell may rage,
 And all the powers of earth besiege ;
 Their united strength at once engage
 To pluck a soul from Jesus.

The faithful soul laughs them to scorn,
He's heaven-bound, he's heaven-born,
 He'll watch and pray,
 Night and day,
 Fight his way,
 Win the day,
And all his enemies dismay,
Thro' the mighty name of Jesus.

3 Oh monster, death, thy sting is drawn,
Oh boasted grave, no trophies won,
The saint triumphs thro' grace alone,
 To praise the name of Jesus.
At length he bids the world adieu,
With all its vanity and shew—
 The soul it flies,
 Thro' the skies,
 To Paradise,
 And joins its voice
In rapturous lays of love, to praise
The glorious name of Jesus.

4 When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,
And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,
And swears that time is at an end,
 Ye dead arise to judgment.
See lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
This earth wrapt like a parchment scroll,
 Comets blaze,
 Sinners raise,,
 Dread amaze,
 And horrors seize;

The guilty sons of Adam's race,
Unsav'd from sin by Jesus.

- 5 The christian, fill'd with rapturous joy,
Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high
To meet his Saviour in the sky,
And see the face of Jesus.
'The soul and body reunite,
And fill'd with glory infinite.
Blessed day,
Christians say,
Will you pray,
That we may,
All join that happy company,
To praise the name of Jesus.
-

HYMN CXIII P. M.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour meets his flock to-day,
Shall I in sloth abide at home,
Shall I behind the people stay
When Jesus kindly bids me come ;
I'll go, it is a place of prayer,
In hope that God may meet me there.
- 2 How long did faithful Hannah wait,
And serv'd the Lord for many years,
Attending at the temple gate,
With fasting and with many tears.
She seldom left the house of pray'r,
'Till God was pleas'd to meet her there.

- 3 Then oh my Lord give me the power,
And, like the saints, I'll watch for thee ;
In earnest wait the joyful hour,
When thou shalt be reveal'd in me :
Now give the justifying grace,
And sav'd from sin show me thy face.
- 4 Remove temptation oh my Lord,
And let mine enemies be slain,
Which would withdraw me from thy word;
And plunge me in the world again :
And always ready may I stand,
To take my seat at thy right hand.
-

HYMN CXIV. P. M.

Redeeming Grace.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
Ye who Jesus kindly prove,
Triumphant in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on you move,
Bless and praise redeeming love.
- 3 Ye alas, who long have been,
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love,

- 4 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 5 He subdu'd th' infernal powers
His tremendous foes and ours ;
From the cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 6 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to the sacred rest,
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 7 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string,
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.



HYMN CXV. P. M.

The king's Enemy made free.

- 1 **Y**E Saints of God come here me tell,
The wonders of Emanuel :
How he doth send his truth abroad,
To bring lost sinners home to God :
He sends his word of power divine,
And searches out the inmost mind :
Exposes Sin most clear to view,
And tells the sinner what to do :

Namely, repent and turn to God,
And thereby shun his iron rod.

- 2 I was a sinner stout and bold,
On satan's list was I enroll'd,
To fight against the Powers above,
And slight the offers of God's love :
But I grew weak and faint in fight,
Because from God I had my light :
Which show'd me plain that hell was mine,
For using Him, my God unkind :
So weak was I against that King,
That not one conquest could I win !
- 3 As I walk'd out one morning fair,
To think on God and take the air ;
I view'd the field of battle round,
To see what riches could be found.
But O ! what carnage did I see,
By Jesus Christ's own company ;
Who had one Sword which all did wield,
Attended with a powerful shield ;
Which Sword they thrust through every heart
And made their foes both ache and smart.
- 4 Some lay as dead upon the ground,
Yet they had life to breath and mourn ;
Their death to God and life to sin,
Did plague them as a poisonous sting !
And when I look'd to see their store,
Which God had call'd for o'er and o'er
I thought some plunder then to gain,
But all was sin, and filth and stain !

Such trash in store, I had enough
And wished then to have no more.

5 But O ! ye curious come and see,
The wounds they gave their enemy ;
What caution they do use in strife,
To bring on death yet save the life !
And as they pierce their hearts most sore,
So as to make them cry and roar ;
The saints round them do shout and sing,
In Honour of their Heavenly King :
Because the conquest they do gain—
Bring life and peace to all their slain.

6 I turn'd again the spoil to view,
To see if there were nothing new ;
That I might take as mine own part,
And thereby cheer a troubled heart.
But how surprised yet was I,
To find the spoil all of one die ;
Nothing but sin was taken away,
From those who did for quarters pray :
All good remain'd with those whom God
Had conquer'd by his gospel sword.

7 Surely said I, here's good indeed,
The very blessings which I need,
And could I only make them mine,
I'd die the death which God enjoins :
For as the gain is all to me,
I can't object to being free ;
So I'll cast off my fleshly sword,
And own I'm conquer'd by the Lord !

Sure humble now I'd better be,
Than suffer in Eternity.

HYMN CXVI. L. M.

The happy Convert.

- 1 **C**OME brethren, and rejoice with me,
For Jesus Christ hath made me free,
From that which did defile my heart,
And made me from my God depart.
When I by faith embraced him,
He fill'd my soul up to the brim,
With streams of grace and love divine,
Which proves the promises are mine;
How good it is, how sweet to me;
O! that mankind would all be free.
- 2 I was much plagu'd with outward sin,
But more with that, which dwelt within,
Which always barr'd my Saviour out,
And kept me in distressing doubt;
But all my fears are driven away,
By brilliancy of gospel day,
Which shines so clear, I must believe,
That I do in my Saviour live
A life of love, a heaven below,
I've not a doubt, I feel it so.
- 3 If more you wish to know of me,
I'm happy now, and wish to be,

While I do in the flesh remain,
Till I return to God again;
For I do feel his love most sweet,
When Mary-like I at his feet,
Do claim my portion of his love,
Which lifts my heart to things above,
He gives to me a heavenly flame,
Which makes me praise his holy name.

4 How grateful then ought I to prove
For the sweet tokens of his love,
Which cheers my heart and makes me whole,
And stamps his image on my soul.
A debtor great, I surely be,
To him whose power hath saved me;
A heaven of love he hath bestow'd,
Which stays my mind on him my God;
And what doth much increase the score,
When I thank him, he gives me more.

5 A happy soul indeed am I,
My mind is fix'd above the sky,
On things divine, at God's right hand,
Where I shall see the friend of man,
Who pleads my cause in courts above,
And gives to me his heavenly love,
To fit me for that blessed place,
Where I'll enjoy his fullest grace;
What holy joy, what heavenly bliss,
To dwell where loving Jesus is!

6 Come brethren dear, whose joys abound
By hearing precious gospel sound.

Cheer up your hearts and strong believe,
In Christ who ever, ever lives,
For though your race is not quite run,
You feel your heaven is now begun,
Then let us raise a holy song,
And praise him as we pass along,
To joys above where we shall be,
Happy in vast eternity.

- 7 We're happy now in clogs of clay,
But what is this to open day,
Of glory beaming all around,
Where sin and grief can ne'er be found,
How happy we shall be that day,
To think that we did watch and pray
And kept our garments clean and white,
Fit to appear with saints in light,
Quite free, O then our joys shall be,
And remain so eternally.
-

HYMN CXVII. P. M.

- 1 **A**LTHOUGH despis'd by men ;
A little feeble band ;
Protection we obtain,
From the Redeemer's hand.
Though oft our foes would us devour,
We stand upheld by Jesus' power.

- 2 While on him we depend,
And truly fear his name,
He'll prove a faithful friend,
And ne'er put us to shame.

He'll guard us safe through all the way,
To the fair climes of endless day.

3 Our shepherd leads us on,
While we obey his voice ;
He guides us to his throne,
And in him we'll rejoice :
Though strait the way we need not fear,
If to the end we persevere.

4 Christ is our leader call'd
The christian name we bear ;
This name we will extoll,
While in his grace we share :
All party names we will disdain,
'The glorious name of Christ maintain.

5 His doctrine too we'll prize,
This, as our rule observe,
It is our only guide,
Therefrom we must not swerve ;
This doctrine will arise on high,
When all the works of men shall die.

6 Ourselves we must deny,
And daily take our cross ;
From every evil fly,
Or we shall suffer loss.
Till victory we completely win,
We will maintain the war with sin.

7 Lord, when our hearts shall fail,
And earthly comforts die,
May thy rich grace prevail,
And bear our souls on high.

There, while our glowing love shall flame,
Our deathless tongues shall praise thy name.

HYMN CXVIII. P. M.

Glorifying God in Christ. A Dialogue.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, sing : 'tis right you should,
Sing our Saviour's precious blood ;
Daughters of Jerusalem,
Join we willingly the theme.
- 2 Shout for joy, ye happy men ;
Lo for you the Lamb was slain !
Highly favour'd women praise
Jesus in celestial lays.
- 3 Hail, redeeming Lamb, who late
Suffer'd death without the gate,
Hail ! for by thy death and cross
Thou hast purchas'd heaven for us.
- 4 None but Jesus will we sing,
None but Jesus, Israel's King ;
None but Jesus will we laud,
None but Christ the Son of God.
- 5 Worthy, holy Lamb, art thou,
Praise to have and honour too,
Worthy thou of bliss and pow'r,
Now henceforth, forever more.

HYMN CXIX. L. M.

The Believer's Hiding-Place.

- 1 **H**AIL, heavenly love, that first began,
The scheme to rescue fallen man !
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God who rules the sky,
I sought with hands uplifted high ;
Despis'd the mansion of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrap't in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place.
- 4 But lo ! th' eternal counsel rang
" Almighty love, arrests the man !"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.
- 5 God's glorious justice stood in view :
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But justice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place.
- 6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appear'd,
Which led me on a pleasant pace,
To Jesus Christ my hiding-place.

- 7 Should storms of sevenfold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunder-bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place.
- 8 On him almighty vengeance fell,
That might have thrust a world in hell ;
He bore it for a ruin'd race,
And thus became an hiding-place.
- 9 A few more rolling years at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding-place.
-

HYMN CXX. L. M.

Christ the Apple-Tree.

- 1 **T**HE tree of life my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit, and always green ;
The trees of nature fruitless be,
Compar'd with Christ the Apple-tree.
- 2 'This beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see,
In Jesus Christ, the Apple tree.
- 3 For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly have I bought ;
I mis'd of all but now I see,
'Tis found in Christ the Apple-tree.

- 4 I'm weary'd with my former toil;
Here I will sit and rest awhile.
Under the shadow I will be
Of Jesus Christ the Apple-tree.
- 5 With great delight I'll make my stay,
There's none shall fright my soul away;
Among the sons of men I see
There's none like Christ, the Apple-tree.
- 6 I'll sit and eat this fruit divine,
It cheers my heart, 'tis heavenly wine,
And now this fruit is sweet to me,
That grows on Christ, the Apple-tree.
- 7 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive;
It keeps my dying faith alive;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ, the Apple-tree.

HYMN CXXII. P. M.

Christ's Invitation.

- 1 **C**OME, brethren, and sisters, that love my
dear Lord,
I pray give attention and ear to my word;
What a wonder of mercy ! behold now I see,
What a tender kind Saviour has done for poor
me.
- 2 I was led by the devil, till lost and distress,
I tho't that in torments I soon should be cast :

No peace to the wicked but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 Oh sinner, said Jesus, for you I have dy'd :
All glory to Jesus, my soul then repli'd,
The guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice ;
The blood was applied, the witness and voice.

4 On my low bending knees, before God I did fall,
All glory to Jesus, for he's all in all ;
The heart of this rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace
upon earth,
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth ;
Your sins are forgiven, my Saviour did say,
O witness, kind Heaven, on this my birth day.

6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground,
The time of refreshing at length I have found,
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy
charms,
Let me die now like Simeon, with Christ in my
arms.



HYMN CXXII. P. M.

Union.

1 **A**TTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel ;
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And feel a blessed *Union*.

- 2 At first he saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie;
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
With God you have no *Union*.
- 3 Then I began to mourn and cry,
I look'd this way and that to fly;
It griev'd me sore that I must die,
I strove salvation for to buy—
But still I had no *Union*.
- 4 But when my Saviour brought me in,
And with his blood did wash me clean,
'Twas then I hated every sin;
And O! what seasons I have seen,
E'er since I felt this *Union*.
- 5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
From house to house I went to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I always had some word to say
About this blessed *Union*.
- 6 I wonder why old saints don't sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
With loud hosannas to their King,
Who brought their souls to *Union*.
- 7 O come, backsliders, come away,
And learn to do as well as say;
And mind to watch as well as pray,
Come, bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel this *Union*.

- 8 Soon we shall break all nature's ties,
On wings of love our souls shall rise,
And shout salvation through the skies,
And gain the mark and win the prize,
And feel a heavenly *Union*.
- 9 Then every saint that's here below,
Will leave these climes of pain and wo;
And they will home to glory go;
And there they'll hear and see and know,
And feel this perfect *Union*.
- 10 There we the glorious Lamb shall see,
Who groan'd and dy'd upon the tree,
For sinners such as you and me,
That we might his salvation see,
And feel a heavenly *Union*.
- 11 When we recount life's dangers o'er,
Review the labors which we bore;
And see ourselves safe on the shore,
With love our conqu'ror we'll adore,
And feel increasing *Union*.
- 12 When countless years have roll'd away,
Our vigour suff'ring no decay,
We'll all as one with rapture say,
We still remember well the day,
Our souls first felt this *Union*.
- 13 Reign, glorious Jesus, reign on high,
'Tis thou that brought us rebels nigh;
We'll shout redemption through the sky
And praise thee to eternity
For such a glorious *Union*.

- 14 The hosts of heaven shall all unite
In purest strains of symphony ;
And shout, eternal glory be
To him who dwells in endless light,
Crying, O this glorious *Union*.
-

HYMN CXXIII. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME all ye weary trav'lers,
Now let us join and sing
The everlasting praises,
Of Jesus our great King.
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome 'tis true ;
But see how many dangers ;
The Lord has brought us through.
- 2 At first when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin.
The world, the flesh and Satan
Would prove a hurtful snare,
Unless we did reject them
By faith and humble prayer.
- 3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess
We have had long to wander
In a dark wilderness :
Where we might long have fainted
In that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.

- 4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
Give life, and joy, and peace.
Revive our drooping spirits,
And love and strength increase,
To confess our Lord and master,
And run at his command,
And hasten on your journey
Unto the promis'd land.
- 5 In faith, and hope, and patience,
We often do rejoice,
And Jesus and his people
Forever are our choice.
In peace and consolation
We now are going on
The pleasing road to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone.
- 6 Sinners why stand ye idle,
While we thus march along;
Has Jesus never told you,
That you are going wrong,
Down the broad road to darkness,
To bear an endless curse?
Forsake your ways of sinning,
And come and go with us.
- 7 But if you will refuse it,
We bid you all farewell,
We're on the road to Canaan,
And you the road to hell:

We're sorry thus to leave you,
 We'd rather you would go ;
 Come try a bleeding Saviour,
 And see the waters flow.

- 8 Now to the King immortal
 Be everlasting praise,
 For in his holy service,
 We long to spend our days,
 Till we arrive at Canaan,
 The glorious world above,
 With everlasting wonder
 To praise redeeming love.



HYMN CXXIV. P. M.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **C**OME, all ye dear souls, who are of Adam's
 loins,
 Join with me to seek salvation ;
 With hearts fill'd with friendship let us all com-
 bine,
 And seek for the land of Canaan.
 Canaan, Canaan, my happy home,
 O how I long for Canaan.
- 2 We have a little sister, she's lately converted,
 She brings good news from Canaan ;
 Her soul's fill'd with Jesus, the world she's de-
 serted
 And now she lives shouting and praising.
 Canaan, Canaan, my happy home,
 O how I long for Canaan.

- 3 Once I did mourn, but now I will sing,
And praise my God and Saviour;
Until in the realms of my heavenly King,
In Canaan I'll praise him forever.
I'm glad and I'll thank God,
Then let us praise God together.
- 4 See the poor sinner standing at the bar,
Despairing all hope of heaven;
Trembling and shivering in doleful despair,
From God's awful presence is driven.
Canaan, Canaan, my happy home,
O when shall I see Canaan.
- 5 Come, my dear brethren, let's travel on,
Let us go on to Canaan;
And when our pilgrim's journey is done,
We'll shout and sing salvation.
Canaan, Canaan, my happy home,
O how we'll shout in Canaan.
-

HYMN CXXV. L. M.

- 1 I'M glad I ever saw the day
We met to sing, and preach and pray;
Here's glory, glory in my soul,
Which makes me praise my Lord so bold.
- 2 Lord, keep us safe while passing through,
And fill our souls with meekness too:
Redeeming grace that pleasing song,
We'll sing as we do pass along.

- 3 I hope to praise him when I rise,
And shout salvation through the skies,
Sing glory, glory in the air,
Meet all my Father's children there.
-

HYMN CXXVI.

- 1 **A** WAKE, O guilty world awake ;
Behold the earth's foundation shake,
While the Redeemer bleeds for you ;
His death proclaims to Adams race,
Free Grace, Free Grace, Free Grace,
To all the Jews, and Gentiles too.
- 2 Come guilty mortals, come and see
Your Saviour hanging on the tree,
For you all dress'd in purple gore ;
His weight of woe did veil the sun,
'Tis done, 'tis done, 'tis done,
That man might live forevermore.
- 3 Behold the wounded Lamb of God,
Spreading his bleeding hands abroad ;
Come see him yielding up to death,
Behold him in his agonies,
He dies, he dies, he dies,
And yields his last expiring breath.
- 4 He dies, and triumphs over death,
To give the dead immortal breath ;

And spread the wonders of his name;
 Shout, brethren, shout, with cheerful voice,
 Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
 And give the glory to the Lamb.

HYMN CXXVII. P. M.

1 **H**OSANNAH to Jesus, I am fill'd with his
 praises:
 Come, O my dear brethren, and help me to sing:
 No theme is so charming, no love is so warming,
 It gives joy and gladness and comfort within.

CHORUS.

Hosannah, hosannah, hosannah we'll raise,
 Hosannah, hallelujah to the Lamb for free
 grace!

2 Hosannah is ringing, O how I love singing,
 There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his
 name;
 The angels in glory repeat the glad story,
 Of Jesus's love, which is made known to men.
 Hosannah, &c.

3 Hosannah to Jesus, who dy'd for to save us,
 I'll serve him, and love him wherever I go:
 He's now gone to heaven, the spirit is given,
 To quicken and comfort his children below,
 Hosannah, &c.

- 4 Hosannah forever, his grace like a river,
Is rising and spreading all over the land,
His love is unbounded, to all it's extended,
And sinners are feeling the heavenly flame.
Hosannah, &c.
- 5 Hosannah to Jesus, my soul how it pleases,
To see sinners falling and crying to God ;
To see them now rising, 'tis truly surprising,
They've found peace and pardon in Jesus's
blood.
Hosannah, &c.
- 6 Hosannah is ringing, O how they are singing,
The praises of Jesus, and tasting his love :
The sound goes to heaven, the spirit is given,
It rolls through my soul, from the mansions
above.
Hosannah, &c.
- 7 Hosannah to Jesus, my soul feels him precious,
In sweet streams of glory he comes from above :
My heart is now glowing, I feel his blood flow-
ing,
I'm sure that my Jesus I really do love.
Hosannah, &c.
- 8 Hosannah is ringing, the saints they are singing,
And marching to glory, in bright royal bands :
Come on, my dear brethren, let's all go to hea-
ven,
For Jesus invites us with crowns in his hands.
Hosannah, &c.

- 9 Hosannah to Jesus, my soul sweetly rises,
 I'll soon be transported to a happier clime,
 When shall I see Jesus, and dwell on his praises,
 And with him in glory eternally shine.

Hosannah, hosannah, hosannah we'll raise,
 Hosannah, hallelujah to the Lamb for free
 grace!



HYMN CXXVIII.

The Good Old Way.

- 1 **L**IFT up your hearts, Emmanuel's friends:
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends ;
 Let nothing cause you to delay,
 But hasten on the good old way.

CHORUS.

And I'll sing hallelujah,
 And glory be to God on high,
 And I'll sing hallelujah,
 'There's glory beaming thro' the sky..

- 2 Our conflicts here, tho' great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory ;
 If we but watch and strive and pray,
 Like soldiers in the good old way,
 And I'll sing hallelujah, &c.

- 3 O good old way ! how sweet thou art,
 May none of us from thee depart,
 But may our actions always say,
 We're marching in the good old way.
 And I'll sing, &c.

- 4 Tho' Satan may his powers employ,
Our happiness for to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promis'd land,
Then we may sing and shout and pray,
And march along the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 6 Ye valiant souls for Heaven contend
Remember glory's at the end,
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 7 Then far beyond this mortal shore.
We'll meet with those who've gone before,
And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
By marching in the good old way,
And I'll sing, &c.

HYMN CXXIX. P. M.

- 1 **D**ON'T you see my Jesus coming,
Don't you see him in yonder cloud !
With ten thousand angels round him,
See how they do my Jesus crowd !

CHORUS.

Well-beloved blessed Saviour,
Well-beloved Priest and King !
All glory to the Lamb that was slain
For us he did salvation bring.

2 Don't you see his arms extended,
Don't you hear his charming voice,
Each loving heart beats high for glory,
Oh ! my Jesus is my choice.
Well-beloved, &c.

3 Don't you see the saints ascending,
Hear them shouting thro' the air,
Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,
Now his glory they shall share.
Well-beloved, &c.

4 Don't you see the heavens open !
And the saints in glory there,
Shouts of triumph bursting round you,
Glory, glory, glory here !
Well-beloved, &c.

5 Come, backsliders, though you've pierc'd him,
And have caus'd his church to mourn ;
Yet you may regain free pardon,
If you will to him return.
Well-beloved, &c.

6 Now behold each loving spirit,
Shout the praise of his dear name,
View the smiles of their dear Jesus,
While his presence feeds the flame.
Well-beloved, &c.

7 There we'll range the fields of pleasurè,
By our dear Redeemer's side ;
Shouting glory, glory, glory,
While eternal ages glide.
Well-beloved, &c.

HYMN CXXX. P. M.

The Wandering Pilgrims.

1 **W**AND'RING pilgrims, mourning christians,

Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distress'd,
Christ has sent me to invite you
To a rich and costly feast;
Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
Come the sweet provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched case;
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
He will give you gospel grace.
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him all your days,
Only come to Christ and ask him,
He will guide your feet always.

3 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love.
Lay hard by Bethesda waiting,
Till the troubled waters move.
If no man appears to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk;
Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you,
Rise, take up your bed and walk.

- 4 If like Peter you are sinking,
In the sea of unbelief;
Wait with patience, always praying,
Christ will send you sweet relief;
He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supply'd,
Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
Rise, and cross the swelling tide.
- 5 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ shall guard you through the gloom,
Down he'll send a heavenly convoy,
To convey you to his home;
There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from every want and care;
Come, O! come my blessed Saviour,
Fain my spirit would be there.
-

HYMN CXXXI. P. M.

- 1 **I** HAVE a place in paradise,
To praise the Lord in glory.
Go shouting, go shouting,
Go shouting all our days.
- 2 O brothers will you meet me there,
To praise the Lord in glory.
Go shouting, &c.
- 3 O sisters will you meet me there,
To praise the Lord in glory.
Go shouting, &c.

- 4 If you get there before I do,
To praise the Lord in glory.
Go shouting, &c.
- 5 Look out for me I'm on my way,
To praise the Lord in glory.
Go shouting, &c.
- 6 I bless the Lord I'm born to die,
To praise the Lord in glory.
Go shouting, &c.
-

HYMN CXXXII. P. M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE my friends, the Lord is King,
Let all prepare to take him in;
Let Jacob rise and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory.
- 2 O may the Saints of every name
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb;
May jars and discord cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory.
- 3 I long to see the christians join,
In union sweet and peace divine,
When every church with grace shall shine;
And grow in Christ the living vine,
And give to Jesus glory.
- 4 O may the desert lands rejoice,
And mourners hear the bridegroom's voice,

While songs of praise each tongue employs,
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory.

5 Come, parents, children, bond and free,
Come will you go to heaven with me,
That glorious land of rest to see,
And shout with me eternally,
And give to Jesus glory.

6 Come who will march to win the prize,
And take the kingdom in the skies?
Where love and union never dies,
But always flows through paradise,
And there we'll give him glory.

7 My soul grows happy while I sing,
I feel that I am on the wing;
I'll shout salvation to my king,
Till I to Heav'n my trophies bring,
And there we'll give him glory.

8 Those beauteous fields of living green,
Through faith, the telescope, are seen,
Though Jordan's billows roll between,
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
And there we'll give him glory.

HYMN CXXXIII. P. M.

Second Part.

- 9 **A** FEW more days of pain and woe,
A few more suffering scenes below,
And then to Jesus we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And there we'll give him glory.
- 10 That awful trumpet soon will sound,
And shake the vast creation round,
And call the nations under ground,
And all the saints shall then be crown'd,
And give to Jesus glory.
- 11 Ten thousand thunders then will roll,
And rend the globe from pole to pole,
How dreadful to the guilty soul,
But nothing shall the saints control,
They'll give to Jesus glory.
- 12 Then we shall weep nor part no more,
When we have met on Canaan's shore,
For Zion's warfare now is o'er,
Such shouts were never heard before,
And there we'll give him glory.
- 13 There tears shall all be wip'd away.
And Christians never go astray,
When we are freed from cumbrous clay,
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.

- 14 On Zion's brilliant mount we'll stand,
And view that holy, heavenly land;
With palms of victory in our hand.
We'll shout with Heav'n's triumphant band,
And give to Jesus glory.
- 15 There all the saints shall join in one,
And sing with Moses round the throne;
'There troubles are forever gone,
They'll shine with God's eternal Son,
And there we'll give him glory.
- 16 The rose and lily there shall stand,
In holy bloom at God's right hand:
O how I long for Canaan's land,
And there to join the shouting band,
And give to Jesus glory.
-

HYMN CXXXIV. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y brethren all, on you I call,
Arise and look around you;
How many foes, bound to oppose,
Are waiting to confound you.
The trumpet calls, on Zion's walls,
Shake off your sleep and slumber;
Arise and pray, we'll win the day,
Tho' we are few in number.
- 2 As we draw nigh objections fly,
Like peals of loudest thunder;
The voice of prayer, makes sinners stare,
They're fill'd with awe and wonder.

While music sweet makes some retreat,
Our Jesus still draws nigher ;
His precious name lights up the flame,
That set our souls on fire.

3 While grace divine in others shine,
With such we are delighted ;
With them we croud and sing so loud,
Poor sinners are affrighted.
The sweetest joys our pow'rs employ,
To see the cause advancing ;
Tho' some go off and boldly scoff,
And say that we are dancing.

4 Some mournfully for mercy cry,
And stubborn hearts are bended ;
If we but smile they say we're wild,
And so go off offended :
If souls are born we'll bear the scorn,
Let sinners tell their story ;
For Jesus' name we'll bear the shame,
And give him all the glory.

5 When some desert, it pains my heart,
To think the cause is wounded ;
But let them go, true christians know
That they are not confounded.
They'll end their race and find a place,
With Judas the old traitor ;
Their race is run, let us press on,
We'll go to heaven the faster.

- 6 But as we fly we'll always cry,
To God for their salvation;
O God of love send from above,
And save this wicked nation.
Thy spirit send, their hearts to rend,
Arrest them with thy thunder;
Let sweetest songs employ their tongues,
While fill'd with joy and wonder.
- 7 The outward blaze sometimes decays,
Some christians seem contented;
The word is sure, the work is o'er,
They'll be no more tormented.
Some are afraid the spirit's fled,
While others are offended;
But never fear we'll persevere,
The warfare is not ended.
- 8 To men unknown the seed is sown,
We'll overcome temptation;
The cross we'll bear, let's not despair,
We'll joy in tribulation.
The noisy scene comes on again,
The shouting trump is sounded;
We find at length, we're gaining strength;
Our foes will be confounded.
-

HYMN CXXXV. L. M.

- 1 **N**OW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
With all the saints I'll join to tell
My Jesus has done all things well.

- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express;
But O his love what tongue can tell!
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 3 I spurn'd his grace—I broke his laws,
But yet he undertook my cause,
To save me, though I did rebel;
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 At last my soul has known his love,
What mercy has he made me prove!
Mercy which doth all praise excel:
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 5 If e'er my Saviour and my God,
Did on me lay his chast'ning rod,
I knew whatever me befel,
My Jesus would do all things well.
- 6 Though many a fiery flaming dart
Be aim'd to wound me to the heart;
With this I all their rage expel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 7 Oft times my Lord his face did hide;
To make me pray or kill my pride;
Yet on my mind it still doth dwell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 8 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign my breath:
Then, then, my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

- 9 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join sweet seraphs in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
-

HYMN CXXXVI. P. M.

Description of Christ.

- 1 **O** THOU, in whose presence my soul takes
delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy
sheep,
To feed on the pasture of love?
For why in the valley of death shall I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desart for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they
see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen,
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone?
- 3 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around;
The locks on his head, are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
 In the vales on the banks of the streams,
 On his cheeks, in the beauty of excellence blow,
 And his eyes are as quivers of beams !

4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
 Is heard through the shadows of death ;
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
 The air is perfum'd with his breath,
 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 That waters the garden of grace :
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
 know,
 And bask in the smiles of his face,

5 Love sits in his eye-lids, and scatters delight
 Thro' all the bright mansions on high ;
 Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
 And tremble with fullness of joy.
 He looks and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word ;
 speaks and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

HYMN CXXXVII. L. M.

1 **O** MAY I worthy prove to see,
 O Halle, hallelujah,
 The saints in full prosperity ;
 O Halle, hallelujah.
 Sweet heaven, sweet heaven !
 Dear Lord, when shall I get to heaven ?

- 2 To see the bright the glittering bride,
Close seated by her Saviour's side.
- 3 O may I find some humble seat,
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet;
- 4 A servant as before I've been,
And sing salvation to my King.
- 5 I'm glad that I am born to die,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly.
- 6 Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to the new Jerusalem.
- 7 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death.
- 8 I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 9 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
- 10 Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.
- 11 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath:
- 12 And then my happy soul shall tell
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 13 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake ye nations under ground;
- 14 Arise and drop your dying shrouds
And meet King Jesus in the clouds.

- 15 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies.
- 16 This note above the rest shall swell
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 17 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode ;
- 18 My theme through all eternity
Shall glory, glory, glory be.
-

HYMN CXXXVIII P. M.

- 1 **W**ELL, brethren, we are met to-day,
It is to hear, sing, preach and pray ;
This is our Father's great command,
The way that leads to his right hand,
Come now, let us all join and sing
Hallelujah to our heavenly king.
- 2 Although we now are in our prime,
Yet we must die in a short time ;
And then for ever we must dwell
With Christ, or in the pains of hell.
O now let us make choice and sing
Hallelujah to our heavenly king.
- 3 O sinner, this perhaps with you,
Does bear no weight, although so true ;
The sinful pleasures of this earth
Drives out the thoughts and fears of death.
O turn to pard'ning love, and sing
Hallelujah to our heavenly king.

- 4 The aged sinner will not turn,
His heart's so hard he cannot mourn
Much harder than the flinty rock,
And will not break though Jesus knock;
O let your hearts be soft, and sing
Hallelujah to our heavenly king.
-

HYMN CXXXIX. P. M.

- 1 COME and taste along with me,
Consolation running free :
From my Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honey comb.

CHORUS

- I'll praise God, and you'll praise God,
And we'll all praise God together,
I'll praise the Lord, for the work that he has
done,
And we'll bless his name forever.
- 2 Why should Christians feast alone ?
Two are better far than one ;
The more that comes with free good will,
Makes the banquet sweeter still.
- 3 Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more,
Je-us gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.
- 4 Goodness running like a stream;
Through the New Jerusalem ;

By its constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Saints in glory sing aloud,
For to see an heir of God,
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.

6 Heaven here and heaven there,
Comforts flowing every where;
This I boldly can attest,
That my soul has got a taste.

7 Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume;
Gleaning manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

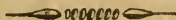
8 O return, ye sons of grace,
Turn and see God's smiling face;
Hark! he calls backsliders home,
Then from him no longer roam.

I'll praise God and you'll praise God,
And we'll all praise God together,
I'll praise the Lord for the work that he has
done,
And we'll bless his name for ever.

HYMN CXL. C. M.

Love of Christ.

- 1 **I** LOVE thee, Lord; but ah! How small
Is my weak love for thee,
To that unbounded love of thine,
For such a worm as me!
- 2 I love thee, Lord, in all thy ways,
I love thy might and power;
I love, but ah! How small the love!
Lord, make me love thee more!



TRUSTING IN GRACE.



HYMN CXLI. S. M.

*An Hosanna for the Lord's Day; or, a New Song
of Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 **S**EE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood ;
Bless him, ye saints ! he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.
-

HYMN CXLII. C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we mediate the grace
Of our High-Priest above :
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame :
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh,
What ev'ry member bears.

- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame !
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.



HYMN CXLIII. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my All, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment :
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not :
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not sav'd from sin,
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r ;
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
“ Come hither, soul, I am the way.”

- 5 Lo ! glad I come : and thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am ;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then I will tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, " Behold the way to God !"
-

HYMN CXLIV, P. M.

- 1 **O** WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise !
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace !
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
The weakest believer that hangs upon him.
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee :
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall as their right thy right'ousness
claim ;
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by
thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God !
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

- 5 For Jesus my Lord is now my defence ;
I trust in his word, none plucks me from thence ;
Since I have found favour, he all things will do ;
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known :
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.
-

HYMN CXLV.

- 1 **V**AIN delusive world adieu,
With all of creature-good,
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood !
All thy pleasure I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd !
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity :
Christ, the Lamb of God was slain,
He tasted death for me !
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning victim dy'd ?
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd !
- 3 Here will I set up my rest,
My fluctuating heart,
From the haven of his breast,
Shall never more depart ;

Whither should a sinner go ?

His wounds for me stand open wide ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd !

4 Him to know is life and peace !

And pleasure without end ;
This is all my happiness
On Jesus to depend ;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd !

5 O that I could all invite,

This saving truth to prove :
Shew the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesu's love !
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone apply'd !
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd !

HYMN CXLVI. P. M.

The Gospel precious to the Believer.

1 **T**HE gospel brings tidings to each wounded
soul,
'That Jesus, the Saviour, can only make whole ;
And what makes this gospel most precious to me,
It speaks of salvation so perfectly free.

- 2 This gospel assures us, God sending his Son
To die for poor sinners, gave all things in one;
This makes then the gospel so precious to me,
'Tis surely a gospel as full as 'tis free.
- 3 Since Jesus hath saved me, and that freely too,
I fain would in all things my gratitude show;
But as for man's merit, 'tis hateful to me,
The gospel I love it, 'tis perfectly free.
-

HYMN CXLVII. C. M.

True and false Comforts.

- 1 **O** GOD whose favourable eye
The sin-sick soul revives,
Holy and heavenly is the joy
Thy shining presence gives.
- 2 Not such as hypocrites suppose,
Who, with a graceless heart,
Taste not of thee, but drink a dose
Prepar'd by satan's art.
- 3 Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who while they boast their light,
And seem to soar above the stars,
Are plunging into night.
- 4 Lull'd in a soft and dang'rous sleep,
They sin and yet rejoice:
Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
Would they not hear his voice

- 5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from satan's power ;
That makes me blush for what I am,
And hate my sins the more.
- 6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie ;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.
-

HYMN CXLVIII. L. M.

Home in view.

- 1 **A**S when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives if cross the plains
He views his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between ;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.
- 3 Thus when the christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers ;
No more he grieves for trouble past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus in the realms of day;
 Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
 And he shall wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode;
 Assured our home will make amends
 For all our toil while on the road.

HYMN CXLIX. L. M.

Freedom of the Human Will.

1 **K** NOW then that every soul is free,
 To choose his life and what he'll be;
 For this eternal truth has given,
 That God will force no man to heaven.

2 He'll draw, persuade, direct him right;
 Bless him with wisdom, love and light;
 In nameless ways be good and kind,
 But never force the human mind.

3 Freedom and reason make us men:
 Take these away, what are we then?
 Mere animals, and just as well,
 The beasts may think of heaven or hell.

4 May we no more our powers abuse,
 But ways of truth and goodness choose;
 Our God is pleas'd when we improve
 His grace, and seek the world above.

5 It's my free will for to believe,
 'Tis God's free will me to receive:
 To stubborn willers this I'll tell;
 It's all free grace and all free will.

- 6 Those that despise grow harder still;
 Those that adhere he turns their will;
 And thus despisers sink to hell,
 While those that hear in glory dwell.
- 7 But if we take the downward road,
 And make in hell our last abode;
 Our God is clear, and we shall know,
 We've plung'd ourselves in endless wo.
-

HYMN CL. L. M.

The grace of God, sufficient for his Children.

- 1 **O**PPRESS'D with unbelief and sin,
 Fightings without, and fears within;
 While earth and hell with force combin'd,
 Assault and terrify my mind.
- 2 What strength have I against such foes,
 Such hosts and legions to oppose?
 Alas! I tremble, faint, and fall;
 Lord, save me, or I give up all.
- 3 Thus sorely prest, I sought the Lord,
 To give me some sweet cheering word;
 Again I sought, and yet again;
 I waited long, but not in vain.
- 4 Oh! 'twas a cheering word indeed,
 Exactly suited to my need;
 "Sufficient for thee is my grace,
 "Thy weakness my great power displays."²⁹

- 5 Now I despond and mourn no more,
I welcome all I fear'd before ;
Though weak, I'm strong ; though troubled,
 blest ;
For Christ's own power shall on me rest.
- 6 My grace would soon exhausted be,
But his is boundless as the sea ;
Then let me boast, with holy Paul,
That I am nothing, Christ is all.
-

HYMN CLI. L. M.

Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.

- 1 **P**ROFESSED followers of the Lamb,
Hark to God's word, and bless his name ;
Your bodies, if in him you trust,
Are temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 2 Let this important solemn truth,
Dwell on your minds in age and youth,
Be this your honour and your boast,
You're temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 3 As such, let all your conduct be
From lust, and pride, and folly free ;
Remember what your bodies cost,
As temples of the Holy Ghost,
- 4 Let gravity and holiness,
A modest, plain and decent dress,
And Christ's bright robes adorn you most,
As temples of the Holy Ghost.

- 5 Set his example in your view—
 Be this the pattern you pursue ;
 Think, as his body, so your's must
 Be temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 6 Ere long your happy change will come,
 And death will bring your spirits home ;
 And Christ shall guard y'our sleeping dust,
 As temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 7 When the last trumpet shakes the skies,
 Bright shall your bodies then arise,
 And joyful join the heavenly host,
 As temples of the Holy Ghost.

HYMN CLII. C. M.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

- 1 **I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause,
 Maintain the honour of his word,
 The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name ;
 His name is all my trust ;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN CLIII. C. M.

O thou of little Faith, wherefore didst thou doubt.

- 1 **C**OME, O my doubting soul attend,
Unto thy Saviour's call !
Come tell thy great Almighty Friend,
Why is thy faith so small ?
- 2 Why all these unbelieving fears ?
Jehovah's arm is strong ;
O chide these sighs, and groans, and tears,
And turn them to a song.
- 3 Is God thy shield, thy great reward,
Thy portion, and thy All ?
Is Christ thy Captain, and thy Lord,
And shall thy hopes be small ?
- 4 Why wilt thou thus dispute his love,
And thus abuse his care ?
Why wilt thou grieve the Heavenly Dove,
And yield to every snare ?
- 5 In Jesus every grace is found,
Why wilt thou not believe ?
He hath a balm for every wound,
Why wilt thou not receive ?
- 6 His arm can conquer ev'ry foe,
His grace can sanctify ;
Amen, Amen, Lord, be it so,
Let my corruptions die.

- 7 Sin is the cause of ev'ry fear,
 O keep me from its power ;
 Slay the acursed monster here,
 That I may doubt no more.
-

HXMN CLIV. L. M.

These things I command you that ye love one another.

- 1 **A**M I indeed born from above ?
 Do I partake of Jesus' love ?
 Then let me all my duty know,
 And love by my obedience show.

- 2 Fain would I love His person more,
 And God in all His works adore :
 O may His love my heart inflame,
 With love to all that love His name.

- 3 Wherever I his image see,
 O let those souls be dear to me !
 Dear, as the purchase of His blood,
 Dear, as the favourites of God.

- 4 Jesus to us His love doth shew,
 And bids us love each other too !
 But O how little love sincere
 Is found in great professors here !

- 5 What anger, pride and malice swell
 Those breasts alone where love should dwell ?
 O why should Satan thus devour
 Religion's glory and its power ?

- § Come, Heavenly Spirit, from above,
And fill our inmost hearts with love ;
That we may say to all mankind,
“ See how those love whom Christ has join’d.”
-

HYMN CLV. L. M.

Jesus the Foundation.

- 1 **H**EAR what the hope of Israel saith,
Who holds the keys of life and death ;
Whose potent word must be fulfill’d,
“ Upon a rock my Church I build.
- 2 Strong to defend, though hell engage,
And all its host inflamed with rage ;
Not more secure Jehovah’s throne,
Than Zion stands on Christ, his Son.
- 3 In persecution’s hottest fire,
This glorious fabric stood entire ;
Witness, the slaughter’d millions, who,
For Jesus’ sake the flames went through.
- 4 Built on his Godhead, and his blood,
She stands, and hath forever stood :
Nor hell, nor sin, so firm the base,
Shall e’er the Christians hopes erase.
- 5 When on the Cross he bow’d his head,
He Zion’s debt of suffering paid ;
And on this rock, for ever blest,
Shall mercy’s glorious fabric rest.

HYMN CLVI. C. M.

- 1 **A**MAZING grace ! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 When press'd with unbelief and fear,
'Twas grace my fears relieved;
How gracious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
-

HYMN CLVII. S. M.

A prospect of Christ's Church.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a lovely vine,
Here in this desert ground;
The blossoms shoot and promise fruit;
And tender grapes are found.

- 2 Its circling branches rise,
And shade the neighbouring land;
With lovely charms she spreads her arms,
With clusters in her hand.
- 3 This city can't be hid,
Its built upon a hill:
The dazzling light, it shines so bright,
It doth the vallies fill.
- 4 Ye trees which lofty stand,
And stars, with sparkling light,
Ye christians hear, both far and near,
'Tis joy to see the sight,
- 5 Ye insects, feeble race,
And fish that glide the stream,
Ye birds that fly secure on high,
Repeat the joyful theme.
- 6 Ye beasts, that feed at home,
Or roam the vallies round,
With lofty voice proclaim the joys,
And join the pleasant sound.
- 7 Shall feeble nature sing,
And man not join the lays?
O may their throats be swell'd with notes,
And fill'd with songs of praise.
- 8 Glory to God on high,
For his redeeming grace;
The blessed Dove came from above,
To save our ruin'd race.

HYMN CLVIII. P. M.

Welcoming the Cross.

- 1 **T**HIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross:
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
'Trials must and will befall;
But with faith and hope to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.
- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These springs up, and choak the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil;
Thus he makes the promise sweet,
Thus he gives new life to prayer,
Thus he brings me to his feet,
Lays me low, and keeps me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisements by the way,
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a cast-a-way?
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true born child of God
Must not—would not if he might.

HYMN CLIX. C. M.

Looking to the Rock whence ye were hewn.

- 1 **Y**E slaves of sin, redeem'd by blood,
Salvation's theme pursue;
Exalt the sovereign grace of God,
For such were some of you.
- 2 From head to foot defiled by sin,
Deep in rebellion too;
This awful state mankind are in,
And such were some of you.
- 3 'Tis all of sovereign grace that ye
Do not as others do,
Who seek the road to misery;
For such were some of you.
- 4 Death, in the errors of his ways,
The sinner will pursue;
Till God his roving heart shall seize;
And such were some of you.
- 5 Whilst they are sinners dead to God,
Ye highly favour'd few,
Are wash'd from sin in Jesus' blood;
But such were some of you.
- 6 As ye are chosen from the rest,
To grace the praise is due;
Be sovereign love for ever blest;
For such were some of you.

HYMN CLX. L. M.

Because he delighteth in mercy.

Micah vii. 18.

- 1 **O** WHO is like the Lord our God !
Who smiles and sheds his love abroad.
And thus our souls to praise excites,
Because in mercy he delights.
- 2 O who is like the Lord our God !
Who governs all things with his nod ;
The meanest saint he never slights,
Because in mercy he delights.
- 3 O who is like the Lord our God !
When he takes up the chast'ning rod !
For then he smiles although he smites,
Because in mercy he delights.
- 4 O who is like the Lord our God !
When sin becomes a heavy load ;
'The weary he to rest invites,
Because in mercy he delights.
- 5 O who is like the Lord our God !
When cruel foes beset our road ;
Then he appears and for us fights,
Because in mercy he delights.
- 6 O who is like the Lord our God !
Who gives his saints his gracious word,
And there his faithful promise writes,
Because in mercy he delights.

- 7 O who is like the Lord our God!
 Who has prepar'd a bless'd abode,
 Where grace and glory he unites,
 Because in mercy he delights.

HYMN CLXI. L. M.

Christ the Rock.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel's tribes were parch'd with
 thirst,
 Forth from the rock the waters burst;
 And all their future journey through
 Yielded them drink, and gospel too!
- 2 In Moses' rod a type they saw
 Of his severe and fiery law;
 The smitten rock prefigured him,
 From whose pierced side all blessings stream.
- 3 But ah! the types were all too faint
 His sorrows or his worth to paint;
 Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,
 But he endured the wrath of God.
- 4 Their outward rock could feel no pain,
 But ours was wounded, torn, and slain;
 The rock gave but a watery flood,
 But Jesus pour'd forth streams of blood.
- 5 The earth is like their wilderness,
 A land of draught and sore distress,
 Without one stream from pole to pole
 To satisfy a thirsty soul.

- 6 But let the Saviour's praise resound;
In him refreshing streams are found,
Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,
And thirsty sinners drink and live.

HYMN CLXII. L. M.

*The Cross of Christ, foolishness to them that
perish.*

- 1 **T**HE cross of Jesus was, and is,
To them that perish foolishness;
But to the saint redeem'd by blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 2 No other way will God approve,
The curse of Sinai to remove;
Or show a smiling face on thee;
But the dear cross of Calvary.
- 3 While others, on a sandy base,
For heaven their expectations place;
The structure form'd of wood and clay,
The storms of wrath shall sweep away.
- 4 Yet while in Sinai's fetters bound,
Self-righteous mortals will be found.
Striving alas! to enter in
That gate for ever barr'd by sin.
- 5 Not so the soul who feels within
A heart replete with every sin;
He to the blood of sprinkling goes,
Where pardon, love, and mercy flows.

HYMN CLXIII. C. M.

Saints' fears groundless.

- 1 **Y**E little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares ;
Look to the shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.
 - 2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence :
Midst sands and rocks your shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.
 - 3 Your Father doth a kingdom give,
And give it with delight ;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.
 - 4 For all we hope, and now enjoy,
We bless a Saviour's name ;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.
-

HYMN CLXIV. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW do thy mercies close me round !
For ever be thy name ador'd !
In all things I do so abound ;
The servant is above his Lord !

- 2 Innur'd to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my master led;
'The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo! a place he hath prepar'd
For me whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he, himself, becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears be gone;
What can the Rock of ages move?
Safe in thine arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

HYMN CLXV. S. M.

- 1 **C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heav'n commands;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on :
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done ;
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest pray'r.
- 3 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove ;
And whatsoe'er thou wilt,
Thou dost, O King of kings !
What thine unerring wisdom chose,
Thy pow'r to being brings.
- 4 Thou ev'ry where hast way,
And all things serve thy might ;
Thine ev'ry act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsully'd light :

When thou arisest, Lord,
 What shall thy work withstand ?
 When all thy children want, thou giv'st—
 Who, who shall stay thy hand ?

HYMN CLXVI. S. M.

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope and be undismay'd ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,—
 God shall lift up thy head :
 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,—
 He gently clears thy way :
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Still heavy is thy heart,
 Still sink thy spirits down ;
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart ;
 And ev'ry care be gone :
 What though thou rulest not,
 Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim God sitteth on the throne ;
 And ruleth all things well.
- 3 Leave to his sov'reign sway
 To choose and to command ;
 Thou shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,
 How wise, how strong his hand !
 Far, far above thy thought,
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought,
 That caus'd thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking head,
Confirm the feeble knee;
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare :
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN CLXVII. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, whose gracious pow'r,
Thro' various deaths my soul hath led;
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head !
- 2 In all my ways, thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest ?
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ ! my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me away I have not known;
Bring me, where I my heav'n may find,
The heav'n of loving thee alone.

- 6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room ;
 Enter in me and ever stay ;
 The crooked then shall straight become ;
 The darkness shall be lost in day !
-

HYMN CLXVIII.

*Jehovah-Jireh, i. e. The Lord will provide. Gen.
 xxii. 14.*

- 1 **T**HO' troubles assail and dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all
 unite ;
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed :
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread ;
 His saints what is sitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
 So long as its written, The Lord will provide.
- 3 We all may, like ships, by tempests be tost
 On perilous deeps, but need not be lost :
 Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 Yet scripture engages, The Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old :
 We know not the way, but faith makes us bold ;
 For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
 And trust in all dangers, The Lord will provide.
- 5 When Satan appears, to stop up our path
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith :

He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has try'd)
The heart-cheering promise, The Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain :
But when such suggestions our graces have try'd.
This answers all questions, The Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name ;
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide ;
The Lord is our power, The Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through :
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side ;
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

HYMN CLXIX. C. M.

1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs.
And works his sov'reign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break,
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord, by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain.
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN CLXX. L. M.

- 1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear !
Fear shall in me no more have place ;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face :
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield ?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruits deny ;
Although the olive yield no oil ;
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die ;
The fields elude the tiller's toil ;

The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race ;
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain
 And no one bud of grace appear ;
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin, and only sin is here :
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see ;
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 And glory that he dy'd for me.

4 In hope believing against hope,
 Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
 Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in Jesus' name ;
 To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
 My soul shall then out-strip the wind ;
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN CLXXI. C. M.

1 **S**TILL for thy loving kindness Lord,
 I in thy temple wait ;
 I look to find thee in thy word,
 Or at thy table meet.

2 Here in thine own appointed ways
 I wait to learn thy will :
 Silent I stand before thy face,
 And hear thee say, " Be still !"

- 3 " Be still, and know that I am God?
'Tis all I live to know !
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below !
- 4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve ;
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.
- 5 I work, and own the labour vain,
Till I from self shall cease :
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God creates my peace.
- 6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove ;
They cannot change a sinful heart,
They cannot purchase love.
- 7 I do the things thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er ;
To thee I then the whole resign,
And trust in means no more.
- 8 I trust in him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me ;
Jesus, thou great eternal mean,
I look for all from thee !

HYMN CLXXII. L. M.

- 1 **P**EACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed the last, will feed thee still,
Be calm, and sink into his will.
- 2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry:
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask, and receive in Jesus' name."
- 3 His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.
- 4 Your sacred heirs which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all;
'This truth he's publish'd all abroad,
'That men may learn to trust the Lord.
- 5 The ravens, daily, he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need;
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.
- 6 Then do not seek with anxious care,
What ye shall eat or drink or wear,
Your heav'nly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need.

- 7 Without reserve give Christ your heart ;
Let him his righteousness impart ;
Then all things else he'll freely give ;
With him you all things shall receive.
- 8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest :
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity !
-

HYMN CLXXIII.

- 1 **C**OME on my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
The saints' secure abode :
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure :
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

- 4 Thrice blessed bliss, inspiring hope ;
It lifts the fainting spirits up :
It brings to life the dead !
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see ;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The spirit one and sev'n,
Conspire our rapture to complete ;
And lo ! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heav'n.
- 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall,
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is all in all.
-

HYMN CLXXIV. C M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly :
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O the wolf is nigh !

- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes ev'ry straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel pow'r,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree!
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.
-

HYMN CLXXV. L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine!
My longing heart implores thy grace:
O make me in thy likeness shine!

- 2 With fraudless, even humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see!
In love be ev'ry wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various currents flow;
With steadfast eye mark ev'ry step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod:
In me thy strength'ning grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!
- 6 So, when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heav'ns hosts above their king,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.
-

HYMN CLXXVI. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thine easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

- 2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
 Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill;
 Though bitter to the taste it be,
 Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
- 3 Be thou, O rock of ages nigh!
 So shall each murmuring thought be gone!
 And grief, and fear, and care shall fly.
 As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
 Say to my troubled heart, "Be still;"
 Thy pow'r, my strength and fortress is,
 For all things serve thy sov'reign will.
- 5 O death! where is thy sting? where now,
 Thy boasted victory, O grave!
 Who shall contend with God? or who
 Can hurt whom God delights to save?
-

HYMN CLXXVII. S. M.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **F**ROM Egypt, lately freed
 By the Redeemer's grace,
 A rough and thorny path we tread,
 In hopes to see his face.
- 2 The flesh dislikes the way,
 But faith approves it well;
 'This only leads to endless day,
 All others lead to hell.

- 3 The promised land of peace
Faith keeps in constant view ;
How different from the wilderness,
We now are passing through !
- 4 Here often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine ;
There we shall have unclouded skies,
Our sun will always shine.
- 5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears distress us sore ;
But there eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more.



THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.



HYMN CLXXVIII. P. M.

The Black Armies Defeated.

- 1 **Y**E soldiers of Jesus, pray stand to your
arms,
Prepare for the battle, the gospel alarms,
The trumpets are sounding, come soldiers and
see,
The standard and colours of sweet liberty.
- 2 Though Satan's black trumpet is sounding so
near,
Take courage, brave soldiers, his armies we
dare ;

In the strength of King Jesus we dare him to
fight,
We'll put his black armies of aliens to flight.

- 3 In the mount of salvation, in Christ's armory,
There's swords, shields, and breast-plates, and
helmets for thee;
O be not faint-hearted, tho' he roars like a flood,
He'll not stand before the bright armies of God.
- 4 To battle, to battle, the trumpet doth sound,
The watchmen are crying fair Zion around;
The signal for vict'ry; hark! hark! from the
sky,
Shout, shout ye brave armies, the watchmen all
cry.
- 5 As the great Goliah—Apollyon shall fall,
With the sword of the spirit we'll conquer them
all;
We'll leave no opposer alive in the field,
By the strength of Jehovah we'll force them
to yield.
- 6 Through Jesus, our wisdom, we'll baffle his
rage:—
My heart beats for conquest, come soldiers en-
gage,
The trumpets are sounding, the armies appear,
We'll not leave one standing from front to the
rear.

- 7 King Jesus a riding the white horse before,
The watchmen close after, the trumpet doth
 roar ;
Some shouting, some singing, salvation they cry,
In the strength of King Jesus ; all hell we defy.
- 8 Fair Zion's a shouting to her conqu'ring king,
Salvation to Jesus the armies doth sing ;
Apollyon we've conquer'd and sunk in the flood,
Who can withstand the bright armies of God ?
- 9 Behold all the armies are now marching home,
God's trumpet is sounding and bids them to
 come ;
All Zion's fair armies together doth meet,
And lay down their armour at Jesus' feet.
- 10 The angelic army with Zion combines
In robes of bright glory. eternally shines ;
All shouting and singing on Canaan's bright
 shore
Where wars and commotions can reach them
 no more.
- 11 Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, the time's draw-
 ing nigh,
When we shall meet Jesus' bright hosts in the
 sky,
Our friends and relations in Jesus so dear,
Both preachers and people shall then meet us
 there.

- 12 We'll join the bright harpers in anthems di-
vine,
Whose crowns with bright diamonds the sun
shall outshine,
To the praise of King Jesus we'll tune our
harps then,
Salvation and glory to Jesus, Amen.
-

HYMN CLXXIX. C. M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH crowds of opposition I urge
my passage through,
My master is still with me, his love is ever new,
His grace is still sufficient for ev'ry time and
place,
And I hope that he'll be with me throughout my
whole day.
- 2 Poor sinners oft'times grieve me and weigh my
spirits down,
They hate and persecute me because I'm hea-
ven bound;
Because I love my Jesus and praise his holy
name,
They say I am unrighteous, a person of ill fame.
- 3 They say I plague the people till they can't
live in sin,
And Satan he keeps roaring lest he should be
undone;

He says this is my kingdom, and here I reign
secure,

Come shake the dust from off your feet, go
preach for Christ no more.

4 O Satan I shall plague thee, thou hast not us'd
me well,

Thou didst all in thy power to drag my soul to
hell,

But now thou findest thou art losing me, it fills
thee with despair,

While I am on the rocks of ages come touch me
if thou dare.

5 Through storms of dreadful tempests my soul
has had to wade,

But I have been resolved the land for to invade,
To spoil hell of her portion and Satan of his
hopes,

And in ev'ry sore engagement my soul to Christ
looks up.

6 And when the war is over, we'll praise his holy
name,

For Jesus is our captain, and worthy of all
fame;

'Through Christ we have gain'd the victory
and beat all champions down,

And I hope if I am faithful I soon shall wear
the crown.

HYMN CLXXX C. M.

- 1 **Y**E weary heavy laden'd souls,
Who are oppressed sore,
Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore,
Thro' chilling winds and beating rains.
The waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding you—
Take courage and be bold.
- 2 Tho' storms and hurricanes arise,
The desert all around.
And fiery serpents oft appear,
Thro' the enchanting ground;
Dark nights and clouds and gloomy fear,
And dragons often roar,
But while the gospel trump we hear,
We'll press for Canaan's shore.
- 3 We're often like the lonesome dove,
Who mourns her absent mate,
From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
Her sorrows to relate.
But Canaan's land is just before,
Sweet spring is coming on,
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.
- 4 Sometimes like mountains to the sky,
Black Jordan's billows roar;
Which often make the pilgrims fear
They never will get o'er.

But let us gain mount Pisgah's top,
And view the vernal plain,
To fright our souls may Jordan roar;
And Hell may rage in vain.

5 Methinks I now begin to see
The borders of that land,
The trees of life with Heav'nly fruit,
In beauteous order stand.
The wint'ry time is past and gone,
Sweet flowers doth appear,
The fiftieth year is now roll'd round
The great Sabbatic year.

6 O what a glorious sight appears
To my believing eyes,
Methinks I see Jerusalem
A city in the skies !
Bright angels whisp'ring me away,
O come, my brother, come ;
And I am willing to be gone
To my eternal home.

7 By faith I see my gracious God,
On his eternal throne,
At his right hand the loving Lamb,
The Spirit, Three in One.
O that my faith was strong to rise
And bear my soul away,
I'd shout salvation to the Lamb,
In one eternal day.

8 Farewell my brethren in the Lord,
 Who are to Canaan bound;
 And should we never meet again,
 Till Jubal's trump shall sound,
 I hope that I shall meet you there,
 On that delightful shore,
 In oceans of eternal bliss,
 Where parting is no more.

HYMN CLXXXI. S. M.

1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son :
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty pow'r,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trust,
 Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endu'd,
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God ;
 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,
 In close and firm array :
 Legions of wily fiend oppose
 Throughout the evil day ;

But meet the sons of night,
 And mock their vain design;
 Arm in the arms of heavenly light,
 Of righteousness divine :

4 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul :
 Take ev'ry virtue ev'ry grace,
 And fortify the whole ;
 But above all, lay hold
 On faith's victorious shield :
 Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
 You're sure to win the field.



HYMN CLXXXII. C. M.

Christian Soldier.

- 1 **D**RESS uniform the soldier's wear,
 When duty calls abroad ;
 Not purchas'd at their cost or care,
 But by the prince bestowed.
- 2 Christ's soldiers too, if Christ-like bred,
 Have regimental dress ;
 'Tis linen white, faced with red,
 'Tis Christ's own righteousness.
- 3 A rich and sightly robe it is,
 And to the Soldier dear ;
 No rose can learn to blush like this,
 Nor lily look so fair.

4 'Tis wrought by Jesus' skilful hand,
 And ting'd with his own blood ;
 It makes the Cherubs gazing stand
 To view this robe of God.

5 This vesture never waxeth old,
 Nor spot thereon can fall ;
 It makes a soldier brisk and bold,
 And dutiful withall.

6 This robe put on me, Lord each day,
 And it shall hide my shame,
 Shall make me fight and sing and pray
 And bless my captain's name.

HYMN CLXXXIII. S. M.

1 **I**NDISSOLUBLY join'd,
 To battle proceed ;
 But arm yourselves with all the mind,
 That was in Christ your head ;
 If faith surround your heart,
 Satan shall be subdued,
 Repell'd his ev'ry fiery dart,
 And quench'd with Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus hath dy'd for you !
 What can his love withstand ?
 Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
 Shall pluck you from his hand ?
 Believe that Jesus reigns,
 All pow'r to him is giv'n :
 Believe ! till freed from sin's remains :
 Believe yourselves to heav'n !

3 To keep your armour bright,
 Attend with constant care;
 Still walking in your Captain's sight,
 And watching unto pray'r;
 Ready for all alarms,
 Steadfastly set your face,
 And always exercise your arms,
 And use your ev'ry grace.

4 Pray! without ceasing, pray,
 (Your Captain gives the word)
 His summons cheerfully obey,
 And call upon the Lord:
 To God your ev'ry want,
 In instant pray'r display;
 Pray, always pray, and never faint;
 Pray! without ceasing, pray.



HYMN CLXXXIV. S. M.

1 **H**ARK! how the watchmen cry:
 Attend the trumpet's sound;
 Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh!
 The pow'rs of hell surround:
 Who bow to Christ's command,
 Your arms and hearts prepare:
 The day of battle is at hand!
 Go forth to glorious war!

2 See on the mountain-top,
 The standard of our God!
 In Jesu's name I lift it up,
 All stain'd with hallow'd blood

His standard-bearer, I,
 To all the nations call:
 Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh
 He bore the cross for all.

3. Go up with Christ your Head,
 Your Captain's footsteps see:
 Follow your Captain, and be led
 To certain victory:
 All power to him is giv'n:
 He ever reigns the same:
 Salvation, happiness, and heav'n,
 Are all in Jesu's name.
4. Only have faith in God;
 In faith your foes assail:
 Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
 But all the pow'rs of hell;
 From thrones of glory driv'n,
 By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
 They throng the air, depriv'd of heav'n,
 They rule the lower world.



HYMN CLXXXV. C. M.

The Christian Soldier.

I **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?

- 2 Must I be carry'd to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
Whilst others sought to win the prize,
And sail'd thro' bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage Lord;
I'll bear the toil endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.



HYMN CLXXXVI. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes:

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
 - 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall ;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all :
 - 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
-

HYMN CLXXXVII. P. M.

- 1 **A** SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made,
Thou art my captain, king and head,
And under thee I mean to fight,
The fight of faith with all my might,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood
The ensign of our conqu'ring Lord,
The Christian soldier's standard is,
And I will fight for King Jesus.
- 2 Grant me the arrows of thy word,
The spirit's pow'rful two edg'd sword,
To slay my foes where'er they be,
And own the vict'ry won by thee ;
That I a duteous child may be,
To stand and fight the enemy ;
That when the alarm's to call, the Lord
May pass the word unto the guard.

- 3 'Thou art my guard, keep me I pray,
That I may walk the narrow way,
Nor from my duty e'er depart,
But live to Christ with all my heart ;
Help me to keep my guardian dress,
And march to the right in holiness,
O make me pure and spotless too,
And fit to stand the grand review.
- 4 And when our general he has come,
With sound of trumpet, not with drum,
And when our well dress'd ranks shall stand
In full review at God's right hand,
It's then the enemy will get the rout,
And be wheel'd by him to the left about ;
Then we'll march up the heav'nly street,
And ground our arms at Jesu's feet.
- 5 The war is o'er and we are free
To join the blood wash'd company.
Our wages shall be crowns of gold,
And joys of heav'n that can't be told.
There like our glorious Lord we'll shine ;
In heav'nly concert we shall join,
And praises on the highest key,
Shall be our theme eternally.



HYMN CLXXXVIII. P. M.

- 1 **B**ROTHER soldier, still fight on,
Till the battle thou hast won ;
The great Captain thou didst choose,
Never did a battle lose.

CHORUS.

We his soldiers sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

- 2 Advocates for sin do say,
We can never win the day ;
Would discourage all the host,
Coward like the battle's lost.

We his soldiers, &c.

- 3 Let the world their forces join,
With the fiends of hell combine,
Greater is our King than they,
Through him we shall win the day.

We his soldiers, &c.

- 4 Wicked men we will not fear,
Tho' they persecute us here,
Though they may our bodies kill,
Still our King's on Zion's hill,

We his soldier's, &c.

- 5 What a Captain we have got,
Is not ours a happy lot ?
Hear ye worldlings ! hear our song,
'Tis the language of our tongue.

We his soldiers, &c.

- 6 Still fight on and you shall see,
All the sons of Anak flee,
Fear them not though they be tall,
Our great Captain conquers all.

More than conquerors we'll be,
Happy through eternity.

HYMN CLXXXIX.

The Christian's Warfare.

- 1 **M**Y captain sounds th' alarm of war,
Awake, the powers of hell are near;
To arms, to arms, I hear him cry,
'Tis yours, to conquer or to die.
- 2 Rais'd by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around—
Make haste, to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
Thy word, My God, the sword I wield;
With sword, and truth, my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus arm'd I venture on the fight,
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus, kindly deigns to spread
His conquering banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope, in him that's just,
His bleeding cross is all I trust,
Through troops of foes, he'll lead me on
To victory and the victory's crown.

HYMN, CXC. P. M.

Put on the whole armor of God.

- 1 **G**IRD thy loins up, Christian soldier;
Lo ! thy Captain calls thee out ;
Let the danger make me bolder ;
War in weakness : dare in doubt.
Buckle on the heavenly armor,
Patch up no inglorious peace ;
Let thy courage wax the warmer,
As thy foes and fears increase.
- 2 Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
Truth to keep the firm and tight ;
Never shall thy foe confound thee,
While the truth maintains thy fight.
Righteousness within thee rooted,
May appear to take thy part ;
But let righteousness imputed ;
Be the breast-plate of thy heart.
- 3 Shod with gospel preparation,
In the paths of promise tread,
Let the hope of free salvation,
As a helmet guard thy head.
When beset with various evils,
Wield the Spirit's two-edg'd sword ;
Cut thy way through hosts of devils,
While they fall before the word.
- 4 But when dangers closer threaten ;
And thy soul draws near to death ;
When assaulted sore by Satan,
Then object the shield of faith :

Every darts of fierce temptations,
 Intercepted by thy God,
 There shall lose their force in patience,
 Sheath'd in love, and quench'd in blood.

3 Though to speak thou be not able,
 Always pray, and never rest;
 Prayer's a weapon for the feeble:
 Weakest souls can wield it best.

HYMN CXCI. P. M.

Strength from heaven.

1 **B**Y whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Hittite low?—
 No sword or spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook,
 2 'Twas Israel's God and King
 Who sent him to the fight,
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endure,
 Because young David's God is your's.
 3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
 To storm th' invaders camp,
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp?
 The trumpet made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.

- 4 Oh ! I have seen the day,
 When with a single word,
 God helping me to say,
 My trust is in the Lord,
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness and pride,
 How often do they steal
 My weapon from my side !
 Yet David's Lord and Gideon's friend,
 Will help his servant to the end.
-

HYMN CXCI. P. M.

- 1 **A** SOLDIER of the cross am I,
 Assur'd of certain victory ;
 Tho' num'rous foes against me rise,
 To keep me from the glorious prize ;
 For Jesus is my constant friend,
 O hallelujah, hallelujah !
 Jesus will my cause defend.
- 2 I take the helmet sword and shield,
 And boldly march into the field ;
 Tho' earth and hell my march oppose,
 I'll stand against my envious foes ;
 For Jesus, Jesus, is my friend,
 O hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

- 3 While passing through the vale of tears,
Beset with dangers, toils and snares,
I onward move at his command;
And hope to reach the promis'd land.
For Jesus, &c.
- 4 By faith I climb where Moses stood,
And take a look beyond the flood,
The joys of paradise I see,
The bliss my Saviour bought for me;
O Jesus, &c.
- 5 While here I stand and look and love,
And wait his coming from above,
I feel a foretaste of that bliss,
And long to be where Jesus is:
O Jesus, &c.
- 6 When on that heavenly shore I stand,
And meet the saints at God's right hand,
I'll join to sing and shout and tell,
How Jesus hath done all things well,
O Jesus save me to the end;
O hallelujah, hallelujah,
Jesus is my eternal friend.

DIVINE GOODNESS IN REDEMPTION.

HYMN CXCIH. L. M.

- 1 **T**WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes :
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran !
What wond'rous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin ;
" Receive and eat the living food ;"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine ;
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn :
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

"Do this," he cried, " till time shall end,
" In memory of your dying friend ;
" Meet at my table, and record
" The love of your departed Lord !"

- 6 Jesus ! thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.
-

HYMN CXCIV. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal son !
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind;
And pity brought him down.
- 2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.
- 3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.
- 5 Here we behold his bowels roll,
As kind as when he died,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.

HYMN CXCV. P. M.

Christ's sufferings.

- 1 **T**HROUGHOUT our Saviour's life we
trace
Nothing but shame and deep disgrace,
No period else was seen,
Till he a spotless victim fell,
Tasting in soul a painful hell,
Caus'd by the creature's sin.
- 2 On the cold ground methinks I see
My Jesus kneel and pray for me;
For this I'll him adore:
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood drops did force their passage out,
Through ev'ry opening pore.
- 3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
Till one the bones might see!
Mocking they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Press'd by the heavy tree.
- 4 Thus up the hill he heavy came,
Round him they mock'd and made their game:
At length his cross they rear:
And can you see the Son of God,
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear?

- 5 Thus bearing our iniquity,
He dies with anguish on the tree;
What tongue his grief can tell?
The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
The morning sun refus'd to shine
When the redeemer fell.
- 6 Shout, brethren, shout with songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine,
To quench our parching thirst:
Seraphs advance your voices higher,
Bride of the Lamb unite the choir,
To praise your precious Christ.
-

HYMN CXCVI. P. M.

He was brought as a Lamb to the slaughter.

- 1 **L**ET us join with angels to publish abroad,
The news of Salvation to men;
What love and compassion the Father hath
show'd
For Jesus for sinners was slain.
- 2 What pain he endured in Gethsemane,
To purchase our freedom from pain;
O sinners consider his deep agony,
And think on the Lamb that was slain.
- 3 By all his disciples forsaken he stood,
Yet never was heard to complain;
Betray'd and deny'd was the meek Son of God:
Consider the Lamb that was slain.

- 4 His soul then was sorrowful even to death,
Insulted by devils and men;
All this he endur'd to save thee from wrath;
O think on the Lamb that was slain.
- 5 Then hard hearted Jews with the Gentiles
conspir'd,
And clamour'd his blood to obtain;
"Barabbas shall live," they all madly requir'd;
But sentence the Lamb to be slain.
- 6 When Pilot the pris'ner would gladly release,
The multitude clamour'd again;
He then pass'd the sentence their wrath to
appease,
And gave up the lamb to be slain.
- 7 Insulting and mocking, they crowned his head
With thorns—thus they put him to pain;
He then like a sheep to the slaughter was led:
O think on the Lamb that was slain.
- 8 The cross up Mount Calv'ry they made him to
bear,
While the blood gush'd from every vein,
Till Simon assisted his burden to bear:—
O think on the Lamb that was slain.
- 9 With ponderous hammers they nail'd to the cross
His limbs fill'd with torturing pain;
All this he endur'd to recover our loss;
O think on the Lamb that was slain.

- 10 His death hath procured redemption for all,
 Who fell by the first Adam's sin :
 Come, now, yield obedience to Jesus's call :
 Be sav'd by the Lamb that was slain.
- 11 May we with bright millions to glory ascend
 All free from temptation and pain ;
 And join the sweet anthem that never shall end,
 Through Jesus, the Lamb that was slain.
-

HYMN CXCVII. P M.

The Supper:

- 1 **A** FOUNTAIN in Jesus which runs al-
 ways free !
 For washing and cleansing such sinners as we,
 Our sins, though like crimson, made white as
 the wool,
 No lack in the fountain, but always is full.
- 2 All things are now ready, he invites us to come,
 The supper is made by the Father and Son ;
 Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may receive
 A living forever, if we will believe.
- 3 The guests which were bidden, refused the call ;
 For they were not ready nor willing at all
 To be strip'd of their honour, and part with
 their store,
 For a feast that was given and made for the poor.

- 4 If they are not ready and wish to delay,
 My house shall be filled, the Father doth say ;
 The highways and hedges, the halt and the blind
 Shall come and be welcome, the Supper is mine.
- 5 He decks us with jewels, and rings of rich kind ;
 A garment not woven, but richly refin'd ;
 Redeemed by Jesus, made heirs with the King,
 A plan of the Father, in glory to sing.
-

HYMN CXCVIII. L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT object's this that meets my eyes
 From out Jerusalem's gate,
 Which fills my mind with such surprise,
 As wonders to create ?
- 2 Who can it be that groans beneath
 A pond'rous cross of wood ?
 Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,
 And body's bathed in blood ?
- 3 Is this the man, can this be he,
 The prophets have foretold,
 Should with transgressors number'd be,
 And for their crimes be sold ?
- 4 Yes, now I know 'tis he, 'tis he,
 Ev'n Jesus, God's dear Son ;
 Wrapt in mortality to die,
 ' For crimes that I had done.

- 5 Oh, blessed sight ! oh, lovely form,
To sinful souls like me !
I'll creep beside him as a worm,
And see him die for me.
- 6 I'll hear his groans, and view his wounds,
Until, with happy John,
I on his breast a place have found
Sweetly to lean upon.
-

HYMN CXCI. L. M.

- 1 **A**ND why, dear Saviour, tell me why
Thou thus would'st suffer, bleed, and die ?
What mighty motive could thee move ?
The motive's plain ; 'twas all for love.
- 3 For love of whom ? of sinners base,
A harden'd, vile, rebellious race ;
That mock'd and trampled on thy blood,
And wanton'd with the wounds of God.
- 7 The Jews with thorns his temples crown'd,
And lash'd him when his hands were bound ;
But thorns, and knotted whips, and bands,
By us were furnish'd to their hands.
- 9 They nail'd him to the accursed tree,
They did : my brethren so did we ;
The soldiers pierced his side, 'tis true ;
But we have pierced him through and through.

- 5 O love of unexampled kind!
 That leaves all thoughts so far behind:
 Where length, and breadth, and depth, and
 height
 Are lost to my astonish'd sight:

HYMN CC. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree;
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend!
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
 "Receive my soul!" he cries;
 See, where he bows his sacred head!
 He bows his head, and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain;
 And in full glory shine;
 O Lamb of God! was ever pain:
 Was ever love like thine!

HYMN CCI.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine ! what hast thou done !
Jesus my Lord hath dy'd for me !
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Bore all my sins upon the tree :
Th' atoning Lamb for me hath dy'd ;
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd.
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace !
Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,
And say was ever grief like his ?
Come feel, with me, his blood apply'd ;
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd :
- 3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God :
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood :
Pardon for all flows from his side :
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream :
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him ;
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd.

HYMN CCII. L. M.

- 1 **O**F him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing,
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to shew us God;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof:
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

HYMN CCIII.

- 1 **A**LL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should
die?
Your ransom and peace, your surety he is,
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.
- 2 For what you have done, his blood must atone;
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear son:
The Lord in the day of his anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.
- 3 He answer'd for all, O come at his call,
And low, at his cross, with astonishment fall,
But lift up your eyes, at Jesus's cries,
Impassive he suffers, immortal he dies.
- 4 He dies to atone for sins not his own,
Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath
done:
Ye all may receive the peace he did leave,
Who made intercession, "My Father, forgive!"
- 5 For you and for me he pray'd on the tree;
His prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
The sinner am I—on Christ I rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.
- 6 My pardon I claim; a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name,
He purchas'd the grace, which now I embrace:
O Father thou know'st he hath dy'd in my
place!

7 His death is my plea, my advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd
for me.

Acquitted I was, when he bled on the cross :
By losing his life he hath carry'd my cause.

HYMN CCIV. L. M.

1 **H**E dies, the friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darknes veils the skies !

A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load :
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see ;
Jesus, the dead revives again !
The rising God forsakes the tomb :
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break of your tears, ye saints, and tell,
How high your great deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains !

Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!

"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"

Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting?"

"And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

HYMN CCV. C. M.

1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair;
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told,

HXMN CCVI. C. M.

The Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 **T**HE Son of man they did betray :
He was condemn'd and led away,
Think O my soul, on that dread day :
Look on mount Calvary.
Behold him lamb-like led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue,
And then the Lamb of God they hung
Upon the shameful tree.
- 2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood ;
From every wound a stream of blood
Came flowing down amain.
His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
And laughed at his pain.
- 3 Now hung between the earth and skies—
Behold ! in agonies he dies :
Oh, sinners, hear his mournful cries !
Come see his tort'ring pain.
The mourning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight :
The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd and stood afraid,
When Christ the Lord was slain :

- 4 Hark ! men and Angels ; hear the Son !
He cries for help : but O ! there's none ;
He treads the wine-press all alone,
His garments stain'd with blood.
In lamentations hear him cry,
Eloi, lama sabacthani.
Though death may close his languid eyes,
He soon will mount the upper skies,
The conquering Son of God.
- 5 The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts like steel around him stand ;
And mocking say, Come save the land,
Come try yourself to save.
A soldier pierc'd him when he di'd ;
Then healing streams came from his side ;
And thus my Lord was crucifi'd,
Stern Justice now is satisfi'd.
Sinners for you and me !
- 6 Behold ! he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the mediatorial seat ;
While millions bowing at his feet,
With loud hosannas tell :
Though he endur'd exquisite pains,
He led the monster death in chains,
Ye Seraphs raise your loudest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains
He conquer'd Death and Hell.
- 7 'Tis done ! The dreadful debt is paid :
The great atonement now is made.
Sinners ! on him your guilt was laid,
For you he spilt his blood.

For you his tender soul did move,
 For you he left the courts above,
 That you the length and breadth might prove,
 And heighth and depth of perfect love,
 In Christ your smiling God.

- 3 All glory be to God on high,
 Who reigns enthron'd above the sky,
 Who sent his Son to bleed and die,
 Glory to him be giv'n.
 While Heav'n above his praise resounds,
 O Sion sing—his grace abounds.
 I hope to shout eternal rounds,
 In flaming love that knows no bounds
 When swallow'd up in Heav'n.
-

HYMN CCVII. C. M.

Good-Friday.

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head,
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groan'd upon the tree;
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in;
 When Christ, the mighty Saviour dy'd
 For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears :
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN CCVIII. P. M.

1 **Y**E heavens rejoice in Jesu's grace,
Let earth make a noise and echo his praise ;
Our all-loving Saviour hath pacify'd God,
And paid for his favour the price of his blood.

2 Ye mountains and vales in praises abound,
Ye hills and ye dales, continue the sound :
Break forth into singing ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.

3 Atonement he made for every one,
The debt he hath paid, the work he hath done ;
Shout all the creation, below and above,
Ascribing salvation to Jesu's love.

4 His mercy hath brought salvation to all,
Who take it unbought he frees them from thrall ;
Throughout the believer, his glory displays
And perfects for ever, the vessels of grace.

HYMN CCIX. C. M.

Room at the Gospel Feast.

- 1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board ;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endles life are given ;
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come ;
Come, from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come,
Nor, could the whole assembled world
O'er fill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

HYMN CCX.

- 1 **J**ESUS once for sinners slain;
From the dead was rais'd again
And in heaven is now sat down
With his Father on the throne.
- 2 There he reigns a king supreme,
We shall also reign with him;
Feeble souls, be not dismay'd,
Trust in his almighty aid.
- 3 He hath made an end of sin,
And his blood hath wash'd us clean;
Fear not, he is ever near;
Now, e'en now, he's with us here.
- 4 Thus assembling, we by faith,
Till he come, show forth his death;
Of his body bread's the sign,
And we drink his blood in wine.
- 5 Saints on earth, with saints above,
Celebrate his dying love,
And let every ransom'd soul
Sound his praise from pole to pole.

HYMN CXXI. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.
- 2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart,
In every groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes;
But see, he bows his head and dies !
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood !
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;
Only the fountain head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 Oh ! that I thus could always feel !
Lord, more and more thy love reveal !
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear,
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

ON BAPTISM.

HYMN CCXII. C. M.

From the third of Matthew.

- 1 **B**EGIN the third of Matthew,
And read that chapter through;
It teaches true believers
What they are call'd to do.
- 2 In those days came John the Baptist,
Into the wilderness,
A preaching of repentance,
Directing souls to peace.
- 3 See him in Jordan standing,
Baptizing all who came;
With fruits of true repentance,
Convinc'd who were to blame.
- 4 He plung'd them in the water,
To shew they were unclean,
And said, behold your Saviour!
Who takes away your sin.
- 5 Then came to him the Pharisees,
Baptized for to be,
But John forbid them saying,
Repentance let me see.

- 6 Then I'll, baptise you freely,
When you confess your sins,
And see your sad condition,
And mourn how vile you've been.
- 7 While thus engag'd in preaching,
The all atoning Lamb,
He said the dear Redeemer,
And said behold ! the man.
- 8 The appointed of the Father,
Your Saviour for to be,
From all your sins and wickedness,
And endless misery.
- 9 Then came the blessed Saviour,
Baptized for to be,
And was baptiz'd in Jordan,
The scriptures proves to me.
- 10 As he came out of the water,
The spirit from above,
Descended—lit upon him,
In likeness of a dove.
- 11 The Heavens they were open'd,
As you may plainly see,
A witness to the people,
That thus it ought to be.
- 12 A voice from thence proclaimed,
This is my only son,
With whom I am well pleased,
In all that he has done.

13 Come all who hope your'e christians,
Come prove you love the Lord,
By following his footsteps,
Obeying of his word.

14 Take up your cross as freely,
As Jesus did for you,
And thus I leave you with him,
And bid you all adieu.

HYMN CCXIII. P. M.

1 **S**ALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient time to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill ;
'Twas there the ancient baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his master's will.

2 The holy Jesus did demand
His right to be baptized then,
The baptist gave consent ;
On Jordan's banks they did prepare
The baptist and his Master dear,
Then down the bank they went.

3 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize ;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd in what he'd dotte.
And own'd him from the skies.

- 4 The op'ning heaven now complies,
The Holy Ghost like lightning flies,
Down from the courts above;
And on the holy, heavenly Lamb,
The Spirit lights, and does remain,
In shape like a fair dove.
- 5 This is my Son, Jehovah cries,
The echoing voice from glory flies,
O children hear ye him;
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold he cries,
Repent, believe, and be baptiz'd,
And wash away your sin.
- 6 Come children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.
- 7 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound.
With cheerful hearts arise;
See here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling, come,
O children be baptiz'd.
- 8 Behold his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands
To wait upon the bride;
Ye candidates your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

HYMN CCXIV. L. M.

- 1 **C**OME saints and sinners now behold,
How Jesus was baptiz'd of old;
Like him we now despise the shame,
To be baptiz'd in his dear name.
- 2 We here are come the world to tell,
How Jesus sav'd our souls from hell;
And shall we not his love proclaim,
And be baptiz'd in his dear name.
- 3 The Saviour's grave before us lies,
From whence he did triumphant rise;
We cheerful venture through the same,
And rise baptiz'd in his dear name.
- 4 Sprinkled I was in infancy,
But now it is done I lay it by;
I'll put on Christ and him I'll wear,
And be baptiz'd as christians are.
- 5 Then would our grateful hearts express,
His ways are ways of pleasantness;
Our souls would feel a joyful frame,
And live baptiz'd in his dear name.
- 6 Come, ye that love the Load, and say,
We will no longer disobey;
If love divine your souls inflame,
Come, be baptiz'd in Jesus' name.

HYMN CCXV. C. M.

Immersion.

- 1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
 In Jordan's swelling flood,
 To shew he must be soon baptis'd
 In tears, and sweat, and blood.
 - 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
 Beneath the yielding wave ;
 Thus was his sacred body rais'd
 Out of the liquid grave.
 - 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
 In thy own footsteps tread ;
 Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
 Our ever-living head.
-

HYMN CCXVI. C. M.

A practical Improvement of Baptism.

- 1 **A**TTEND, ye children of your God ;
 Ye heirs of glory hear ;
 For accents so divine as these
 Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptis'd into your Saviour's death,
 Your souls to sin must die ;
 With Christ your Lord ye live anew.
 With Christ ascend on high.

3 'There by his Father's side he sits,
 Eathron'd divinely fair ;
 Yet owns himself your brother still,
 And your forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
 On wings of faith and love ;
 Above your choicest treasure lies,
 And be your hearts above.

HYMN CCXVII. P. M.

The practice of Ancient Christians.

1 **N**EVER does truth more shine
 With beams of heav'nly light,
 That when the scriptures join
 To prove it plain and right ;
 Than when each text doth each explain,
 And all unite to speak the same.

2 Thus Peter who obey'd
 That Jesus said, was wise,
 And preach'd as he was led,
 Repent, and be baptiz'd ;
 Thus Philip did t' the Eunuch say,
 If you believe in Christ you may.

3 Paul preach'd the word of grace,
 Whole households did believe,
 And were baptiz'd to Christ,
 Whose gospel they'd receiv'd ;
 Thus Christians were of ancient date,
 As sacred hist'ry does relate.

- 4 We see 'tis no new thing,
To teach, and then baptize ;
So Christians first began,
Christ's ordinance to prize ;
This makes us cheerfully obey,
And go as they have led the way.
-

HYMN CCXVIII. P. M.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation.
Tread the path which Jesus trod,
Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your only guide.
- Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice ;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says, let each believer
Be baptized in my name ;
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immers'd beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay ;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo ! your Captain leads the way.

View the rite with understanding,
 - Jesus' grave before you lies :
 Be interr'd at his commanding,
 After his example rise.

HYMN CCXIX. P. M.

Christ baptiz'd in Jordan.

- 1 **I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
 Immersing the repenting Jews ;
 'The Son of God the rite demands,
 Nor dares the holy man refuse :
 Jesus descends beneath the wave,
 The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heavens ! the Saviour lies
 In deeps conceal'd from human view :
 Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
 A fit example this for you :
 'The sacred record while you read,
 Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But lo ! from yonder opening skies,
 What beams of dazzling glory spread !
 Dove-like the eternal spirit flies,
 And lights on the Redeemer's head !
 Amaz'd they see the power divine,
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.
- 4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore !
 What sounds are those that roll along,
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song !

“This is my well-beloved Son,
 “I see (well pleas’d) what he hath done.”

- 5 Thus the eternal Father spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod ;
 Through parting skies the accents broke,
 And bid us hear the Son of God :
 O hear the awful word to-day,
 Hear all ye nations, and obey.
-

HYMN CCXX. P. M.

- 1 **Y**OUNG converts on the banks
 Of these baptismal waters stand,
 They praising God give thanks,
 For leave t’ obey his sweet command.
 They here step down, receive the crown,
 Baptiz’d beneath the flood.
 And as they rise, lift up their eyes,
 Singing glory aloud to God.
- 2 Behold them now rejoice ;
 See with what care they watch and pray,
 And with one heart and voice,
 To God their vows and homage pay.
 Then let us pray, the spirit may
 Descend ; and light around,
 That high and low, and all may know,
 God’s wisdom shall the world’s confound.

- 3 Sing glory to our King,
 Who has for us led in the way,
 We'll follow on and sing,
 Join'd in one harmonious lay;
 And give him praise to endless days,
 For worthy is the Lamb;
 Praise to receive, in him we live,
 All glory—glory to his name.



HYMN CCXXI S. M.

- 1 **O** YE blood wash'd, ransom'd sinners,
 Highly favour'd of the Lord,
 Now ye prove your love to Jesus,
 By regarding thus his word.
- 2 See his wat'ry tomb before you :
 Hear him echo—" Follow me ;"
 For beneath the streams of Jordan
 Christ your great Redeemer lay.
- 3 Yes—beneath those honour'd waters;
 Great Immanuel was baptiz'd ;
 Out of which he then ascended,
 And the Father was well pleas'd.
- 4 Love constrains you all to follow
 Jesus to his liquid grave ;
 Now look up, expect his presence,
 Which he promis'd you to have.
- 5 Jesus, come; thine approbation
 May we gladly see and feel;
 Cause, O cause the heavens to open,
 And thy wond'rous love reveal.

HYMN CCXXII L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN we baptize, we see the mode
In honour'd Jordan's swelling flood;
We're deaf to error's impious voice;
The way Christ chose becomes our choice.
- 2 Down in the stream they both descend,
And John immers'd the sinner's friend,
Out of the water straitway came
The Church's Head the obedient Lamb.
- 3 Then lo, the heavens open'd arc,
A Dove celestial doth appear;
And now the Father's voice is heard,
(Speaking of Christ, our glorious Lord.)
- 4 " This, is my beloved Son,
" Of whom I speak, whom now I own,
" In him well pleas'd I am always,
" Because in all things he obeys."
- 5 Now, ye believing souls, regard
Th' example of your glorious Lord:
Walk in his honour'd paths, and prove
How greatly his commands you love.
- 6 And now, O God in love come down,
And this thy institution own;
Show to thy saints rich scenes of grace,
While Christ the Lord they now confess.

HYMN CCXXIII. P. M.

By Anna Beman, of Warren, in Connecticut, on being baptized.

- WHAT** think you, my friends of the
preaching of John?
Was it from heaven, or was it of men?
We hear him declaring glad tidings of peace,
Proclaiming a Jub'lee, a year of release.
- 2 The law and the prophets continu'd till John,
Our Saviour hath told us when gospel begun;
And since that, God's kingdom is preach'd saith
the word,
And all men press in who have faith in the Lord.
- 3 The first of the gospel, the dawn of the day;
The voice of one crying, Prepare ye the way,
Bring forth your repentance, ye viperous breed,
And think not to say ye are Abraham's seed.
- 4 A new dispensation to them he declares.
And preaches repentance to Abraham's heirs;
The children of Abraham's natural seed,
Found they had no right his baptism to plead.
- 5 But when he perceived repentance was theirs,
Then he gave baptism to Abraham's heirs;
Those who had been sealed to covenant things,
We find him baptizing, confessing their sins.
- 6 He tells them their Saviour is already here,
And while he's baptizing, our Lord doth appear
For to be baptized; John shrinks at the thing,
And owns he has need to receive it from him.

- 7 But when he informed it was his request,
He freely baptiz'd him as he did the rest;
And this institution was own'd from above,
The spirit of God was sent down like a dove.
- 8 And his sweet example is left on record,
Whoever steps in, they will find a reward;
They'll find peace of conscience and joy in the
same,
When they are baptized in Jesus' own name.
- 9 The Eunuch we find was in haste to receive
His water baptism, when he did believe;
He went on his way rejoicing in God,
While those that rebel must be tasting his rod.
- 10 'The friends of Cornelius who heard Peter's
word,
Believ'd and received the seal of the Lord;
The Holy Ghost fell, then their joys did arise;
And Peter commands that they should be baptiz'd
- 11 St. Paul's great conversion he found in the way,
The light which shone round him exceeded the
day,
Then he was three days, neither drank nor did eat
Yet he was baptized before he took meat.
- 12 We read where three thousand believ'd in a
day,
That they were baptized without a delay;
The house of the jailor believ'd in the night,
And they were baptized before it was light.

- 13 Forbear then to censure my being in haste,
Or show me an instance were it was the case,
That primitive Christians defered the thing ;
I answer my conscience to Jesus my King.
- 14 I'll tell you how gospel appears unto me,
And pray to kind heaven that you all may see ;
But the wise and the prudent 'tis hid from their
eyes,
While the babes of the kingdom rejoice in the
prize.
- 15 Some call it baptism and think it will stand,
A few drops of water dropt from a man's hand,
In th' face of the Infant who's under the curse,
But we find no scripture which proves it to us.
- 16 For there's no being bury'd with Christ in this
case,
For Jordan or Ennon was John's chosen place :
Our Lord in a fountain, John did him baptize,
And Christ's sweet example we honour and
prize.



HYMN CCXXIV. C. M.

After Baptism.

- 1 " **P**ROCLAIM," saith Christ, " my won-
derous grace
" To all the sons of men ;
2 He that believes and is baptiz'd,
" Salvation shall obtain."

- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declar'd
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance
And run the Christian race ;
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.
-

HYMN CCXXV C. M.

Morning before baptism ; or, at the water-side.

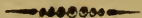
- 1 **H**OW great, how solemn is the work,
Which we attend to-day !
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.
- 2 O may we feel, as once we felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart ;
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look
Reliev'd our every smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercis'd again ;
And nurtur'd by celestial power,
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy ;
Vain world, begone ; let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

- 5 Whilst thee our Saviour and our Lord
To all around we own ;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise ;
That hence our lives, our all may be
Devoted to thy praise.
-

HYMN CCXXVI. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee !
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Twas midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning star ! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No, when I blush be this my shame,
'That I no more revere his name.

- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain,
 Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
 And O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not Ashamed of me.
- 7 His institutions would I prize,
 Take up my cross—the shame despise;
 Dare to defend his noble cause,
 And yield obedience to his laws!



CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP AND SOCIETY MEETING.



HYMN CCXXVII. P. M.

Prayer for Revival.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR visit thy plantation,
 Grant us Lord a gracious rain!
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again :
 Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee.

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high ;
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
Lord, &c.
- 3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen !
Lord, &c.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
Lord &c.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth.
Lord, &c.
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below,
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Lord, &c.
- 7 Younger plants the sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nip'd them in the bud !
Lord, &c.

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again;
 Oh, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain :
 Lord, &c.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares :
 Lord, &c.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh:
 Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee.

HYMN CCXXVIII. C. M.

After Experiences.

1 **D**EAR Saviour, we rejoice to hear
 Poor sinners sweetly tell,
 How thou art pleas'd to save from sin,
 From sorrow, death and hell.

2 Lord, we unite to praise thy name,
 For grace so freely giv'n;
 Still may they keep in Zion's road,
 And dwell at last in heav'n.

HYMN CCXXIX.

Taking persons into the Church.

1 **O** WITH what pleasure we behold
Sinners to Canaan move,
Leaving the fleeting things of earth
For greater things above.

2 These saints have openly confess'd
The great Immanuel's name;
And with delight the church receives
The lovers of the Lamb.

3 Lord may they ever live to thee,
And grow in heavenly love;
Still may they fight the fight of faith,
Till crown'd with those above.

HYMN CCXXX. L. M.

1 **T**HESE honour'd saints redeem'd by blood;
Now join the happy church of God;
Drawn by the cords of love and grace,
In Zion now they take their place.

2 With pleasure we the saints behold,
Joining the great Redeemer's fold;
May we with them forever prove
A gospel Church, the house of love.

HYMN CCXXXI. P. M.

Christ a friend,

- 1 **M**Y Christ is my friend,
To him I attend,
And on his great friendship would ever depend.
- 2 When I'm in distress,
He speaks my release,
And fills my whole soul with unspeakable
peace.
- 3 On him I would gaze,
And spend all my days,
In praising his name who such friendship displays.
- 4 Through grace, I intend
To cleave to my friend,
And I with my Lord to yon throne shall ascend.
- 5 And there sing aloud
The friendship of God,
Raise high hallelujahs to Jesus' blood.
- 6 In each joyful sound
His favours resound,
And in the sweet music my joys shall abound.

HYMN CCXXXII. S. M.

- 1 **A**ND are we yet alive?
And see each others face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give;
For his redeeming grace!
Preserv'd by pow'r divine,
To feel salvation here,
Again in Jesu's praise we join,
And in his sight appear.
- 2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last;
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hide our life above.
- 3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming pow'r,
Which saves us to the uttermost.
Till we shall sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we but Jesus gain.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

- 1 COME away to the skies!
 My beloved, arise,
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born:
 On this festival day,
 Come exulting away,
 And with singing to Sion return!
- 2 We have laid up our love
 And our treasure above,
 Tho' our bodies continue below;
 The redeem'd of the Lord,
 We remember his word,
 And with singing to paradise go.
- 3 Now with singing we praise
 The original grace,
 By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
 We our being receive
 From his bounty, and live
 To the honour and glory of God.
- 4 For thy glory we were
 First created, to share
 Both the nature and kingdom divine!
 Now created again,
 That our souls may remain
 Throughout time and eternity thine.
- 5 We with thanks do approve
 The design of thy love,
 Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;
 So united in heart,

That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There O ! there at his feet,
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more !
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing
To our Father and King,
And his rapt'rous praises repeat ;
To the Lamb that was slain
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet:

8 In assurance of hope
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner's unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, " It is he !"
And fly up to acknowledge him there,

HYMN CCXXXIV. P. M.

1 **F**RRIENDSHIP to every willing mind;
Opens a heavenly treasure,
There may the sons of sorrow find
Sources of real pleasure:
See what employments men pursue,
'Then you will own my words are true;
Friendship alone unfolds to view
Sources of real pleasure.

- 2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
 Fading and transitory;
 Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
 Or a delusive story:
 Luxury leaves a sting behind
 Wounding the body and the mind,
 Only in friendship can we find
 Pleasure and solid glory.
- 3 Learning, that boasting, glittering thing,
 Scarcely is worth possessing;
 Riches, forever on the wing,
 Scarce can be call'd a blessing:
 Fame like a shadow flies away,
 Titles and dignity decay,
 Nothing but friendship can display
 Joys that are freed from trouble.
- 4 Beauty with all its gaudy show,
 Is but a painted bubble:
 Short is the triumph wit bestow,
 Full of deceit and trouble:
 Sensual pleasure swells desire,
 Just as the fuel feeds the fire,
 Friendship can real bliss inspire
 Bliss that is worth possessing.
- 5 Happy the man who hath a friend
 Form'd by the God of nature,
 Well may he feel and recommend
 Friendship for his Creator.
 Then may our hearts in friendship join
 To let our social powers combine,
 Ru'd by a passion most divine,
 Friendship to our Creator.

HYMN CCXXXV. P. M.

- 1 **L**ET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarrings cease,
Come, O come and reign forever,
God of Love and prince of peace;
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Hear the people mourn and weep,
Day and night thy Lamb are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas, none agree,
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee :
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hindrance leap,
Undismay'd by force in numbers,
Come, good shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth,
Guide us, Lord, by thy good spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth !
On the Gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord and Christ our Saviour,
O good Shepherd feed thy sheep.
- 4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here,
Nothing Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near ;

Glory, glory, be to Jesus,
 At his name our hearts doth leap;
 He both comforts us and frees us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5 Here's the prince of your salvation,
 Saying, Fear not little flock;
 I myself am your foundation,
 You are built upon this rock:
 Shun the path of vice and folly,
 Scale the mount although its steep,
 Look to me, and be ye holy,
 I delight to feed my sheep.

6 Christ alone whose merit saves us,
 Taught by him we'll own his name,
 Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
 How it doth our souls inflame;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Give him glory, he will keep,
 He will clear your way before you,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

HYMN CCXXXVI. C. M.

1 **T**Ry, us, O God, and search the ground
 Of ev'ry sinful heart;
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.

- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope;
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow ;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride ;
Give us in heav'n a happy lot
With all the sanctify'd.

HYMN CCXXXVII.

- 1 **O**UR souls, by love, together knit,
Cemented mix'd in one ;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun ;
Our hearts did burn while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire,
We stopt and talk'd and fed, and bless'd,
Then fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

CHORUS.

The Saviour, let creation sing,
A Saviour, let the heavens ring.
'Tis God with us, we feel him ours.
His fullness in our souls he pours ;

'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er :
 We'll join with those who've gone before ;
 We then shall meet to part no more,
 We then shall meet to part no more.

2 We're soldiers, fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly ;
 We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd,
 With Christ to live and die.
 Let devils rage, and hell assail,
 We'll fight our passage through,
 Let foes unite, and friends desert,
 We'll seize the crown, our due,
 The Saviour, &c.

3 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain,
 We wait to catch the teaming shower,
 And all its moisture drain.
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows
 And pours the mighty flood ;
 O ! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 'Till all proclaim thee God.
 The Saviour, &c.

4 And when thou makes thy jewels up,
 And sets thy starry crown,
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine
 Proclaim by thee thine own ;
 May we, a little land of love,
 We, sinners, sav'd by grace,
 From glory unto glory change,
 Behold thee, face to face.
 The Saviour, &c.

HYMN CCXXXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Give up ourselves thro' Jesu's pow'r,
His name to glorify ;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind ;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down and meet us now !
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.
- 6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

PARTING OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,



HYMN CCXXXIX. C. M.

The Christian Farewell.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my brethren, all farewell,
I leave you with the Lord;
O may you shun the paths of hell,
By cleaving to his word.
- 2 You are most near and dear to me :
I have you in my heart;
Yet the best friends must sever'd be !
So you and I must part.
- 3 Although I leave you for a while,
I'll meet you once again;
And if it be not in this world,
'Twill be on Canaan's plain.
- 4 There we shall meet and never part,
And see the King most glorious!
With harp in hand we all shall stand,
And strike one note melodious.
- 5 My counsel unto you I give,
That you do all stand fast
In the sweet doctrine you've receiv'd,
Of being sav'd by grace.

- 6 In holiness of life and word,
And evidence of this,
Walk in the road the Lord hath said,
And you shall never miss.
- 7 For morning clothes put ye on those,
Faith and Hope, with charity,
Next unto this the garment is,
The soft and blest humility.
- 8 And for the sword the word of God,
With the helmet of salvation ;
You need not fear, but persevere
To heaven, your habitation.



HYMN CCXL. L. M.

Farewell.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds the jubilee ;
My stammering tongue shall sound aloud,
From land to land, from sea to sea :
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.
- 2 Farewell, in bonds and union dear.
Like strings you twine about my heart ;
I humbly beg your earnest prayer,
Till we shall meet, no more to part ;
Till we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love,

- 3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
 Although so kind and dear to me;
 My Jesus calls, and I must go
 To sound the gospel jubilee;
 To sound the joy, and bear the news,
 To Gentile world, and royal Jews.
- 4 Farewell young people, one and all,
 While God will give me breath to breathe
 I'll pray to the eternal! All
 That your dear souls in Christ may live;
 That your dear souls prepared may be
 To dwell in bless'd eternity.
- 5 Farewell to all below the sun;
 And as I pass in tears below,
 The path is straight, my feet shall run;
 And God will keep me as I go—
 And God will keep me in his hand.
 And bring me to the promis'd land.
- 6 Farewell, farewell! I look above;
 Jesus, my friend, to thee I call;
 My joy, my crown, my only love,
 My safeguard here, my heavenly all;
 My theme to preach, my song to sing,
 My only hope in death—Amen.

HYMN CCXLI. C. M.

Christian Minister's Farewell.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, the time is come, when we
 Must part awhile below,
 May we each other's faces see,
 Where parting is no more.

- 2 My friends I bid you all farewell,
 In tears we part to-day;
 May you and I in Jesus dwell,
 Who'll wipe all tears away.
- 3 Farewell, my friends, my dearest friends,
 With melting hearts we part;
 Lord, make us faithful to the end—
 Your souls lay near my heart.
- 4 Remember me when I am gone;
 Bear me before the Lord,
 And of the danger you've been warn'd,
 Therefore keep bright your sword.

HYMN CCXLII. P. M.

Camp-Meeting Farewell.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, the time
 is at hand,
 That we must be parted, from this social band;
 Our several engagements now call us away,
 Our parting is needful, and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
 We'll soon meet again, if kind providence smile,
 But when we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
 We'll pray for each other and wrestle with God.
- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be dis-
 charg'd;
 The war will be ended, your treasure's enlarg'd,
 With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may
 roar,
 We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, who're listed for
war,
Sore trials awaits you, but Jesus is near :
Altho' you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to
bliss.
- 5 The world and the devil and hell all unite,
And bold persecution will try you to fright,
But Jesus stands for you—Who'se stronger
than he ?
Let this animate you to march on your way.
- 6 Farewell, seeking mourners with sad broken
heart,
O hasten to Jesus and choose the good part,
He's full of compassion and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.
- 7 Farewell, careless sinners, for you I do mourn,
To think of your danger while quite uncon-
cern'd :
I've heard of the judgment where all must ap-
pear,
There you will stand trembling with tormenting
fear.
- 8 Your frolics and pastimes in which you delight;
Will serve to torment you with dreadful affright,
You'll think of the sermons that you've heard
in vain,
All hopes gone forever of hearing again.

- 9 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all
around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall
sound,
To meet you in glory I'll give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band.
- 10 O glory, O glory, O glory to God,
Redemption we have through Jesus's blood ;
I long to be going to meet him above,
To gaze on his glory and feast on his love.
-

HYMN CCXLIII. P. M.

Farewell Hymn.

- 1 **F**AREWELL my loving sisters,
My brethren fare you well,
God grant you his assistance,
And let his spirit dwell,
In each beloved member
Of his blest church below,
That nought may part asunder—
Go on in Jesus, go.
- 2 How hard a thing is parting,
Where friendship is sincere,
Entirely uncertain
Again of meeting here.
We've had sweet times together,
In singing of God's praise,
And speaking each to other
Of his free sov'reign grace.
- Ce

- 3 I though now we may be parted,
To meet no more below;
My friends don't be faint hearted,
But on in Jesus go.
Although at a great distance
Our bodies may remain,
Through Christ's our Lord's, assistance,
We all may meet again.
- 4 I thank you for your kindness,
While I remain with you,
I hope that earthly blindness,
Your souls may ne'er undo,
May faith and love attend you,
While struggling here below,
The God of pow'r defend you,
And bring you conqu'rors through.
- 5 Go on for to be holy,
Cut off the right hand sin
My friends deal just and truly,
And turn your eyes within.
Tear up the roots of nature,
And bid them all depart,
And like your great Creator,
Be pure in life and heart.
- 6 Then when we rise with Jesus,
And stand at God's right hand,
Oh ! how the sight will please us,
To see each other stand

Array'd in dazzling glory,
With raptur'd hosts above;
Each one to tell the story
Of sweet redeeming love.

- 7 Methinks new scenes of pleasure
Will flow from God's right hand.
And everlasting treasure,
To all his saints expand.
While round the heav'nly regions,
The light of Christ shall shine,
And all the wondering legions,
Be heavenly and divine.
-

HYMN CCXLIV. C. M.

Paul's Farewell.

- 1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day;
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.
- 2 Ere long they meet again with joy,
(Secure no more to part)
Where praises every tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace,
Their children soon shall meet;
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.

- 4 But they who heard his word in vain,
 Tho' oft and plainly warn'd,
 Will tremble when they meet again
 The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
 If any perish here :
 The preachers who have told you all,
 Shall stand approv'd and clear.
- 6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
 Is not their utmost view ;
 O ! hear their prayer, their message own,
 And save their hearers too.

 HYMN CCXLV.

Farewell.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
 I have no home or stay with you ;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 'Till I a better world do view ;
 Farewell, farewell, farewell.
 My loving friends farewell.
- 2 Farewell my friends, time rolls along,
 Nor waits for mortals care or bliss ;
 I leave you here and travel on,
 Till I arrive where Jesus is.
- Farewell, &c.

- 3 Farewell my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
And soon we all shall meet above.

Farewell, &c.

- 4 Farewell old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven;
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given;
Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be given.

- 5 Farewell ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you;
Yet dauntless keep the heav'nly road
Till Canaan's happy land you view.

Farewell, &c.

- 6 Farewell poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn and find salvation near.
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

HYMN CCXLVI. P. M.

At Parting.

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present friend.

Cc 2

- 2 Jesus hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep !
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
 - 3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain :
Give us, if we live, ere long
In thy peace to meet again.
 - 4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd ;
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.
-

CONVINCED OF BACKSLIDING.

HYMN CCXLVII. C. M.

- 1 **O**H for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd ;
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne ;
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
-

HYMN CCXLIX.

First-Part.

- 1 **O**H ! how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above ?
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love !
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When my heart it believ'd
What a joy I receiv'd
What a heaven in Jesus's name !

- 3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me, I cry'd,
He hath suffer'd and dy'd,
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love,
I was carry'd above
Ev'ry sin and temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justify'd I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted high'r
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.
- 7 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God!

HYMN CCL.

Second-Part.

- 1 **A** H! but where am I now?
And why was it, or how,
That I fell from my heaven of grace!
I am brought into thrall;
I am stript of my all;
I am banish'd from Jesus's face!
- 2 Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside;
When the tempter came in,
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.
- 3 But I felt it too soon,
That my Saviour was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight!
Then my triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day it was turn'd into night.
- 4 Only pride could destroy
That sweet innocent joy,
And thus makes my Redeemer depart:
But whate'er was the cause,
I lament the sad loss,
For the veil is come over my heart.
- 5 Oh! how wretched I am!
I can only exclaim,

Like a devil tormented within !
My dear Saviour is gone,
And has left me alone,
To the fury of Satan and sin !

6 Nothing now can relieve ;
Without comfort I grieve ;
I have lost all my peace and my pow'r ;
No access do I find
To the friend of mankind ;
I can ask for his mercy no more.

7 Now, no tongue can declare
The keen torment I bear,
While no end of my troubles I see ;
Only Adam could tell,
On the day that he fell,
And was turn'd out of Eden like me.

8 Driven out from my God,
I now wander abroad ;
Through a desert of sorrows I rove :
And how great is my pain,
That I cannot regain
My lost Eden of Jesus's love !

9 Tell me, Lord shall I rise
To my first paradise ?
Ever come my redeemer to see ?
Yet I feel a faint hope,
That at last he will stoop,
And his pity will bring him to me.

HYMN CCLI.

- 1 **H**OW shall a lost sinner, in pain,
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me?
And O! can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee?
- 2 O Jesus of thee I require,
If still thou art able to save,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave :
The help of thy Spirit restore,
And shew me the life-giving blood ;
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.
- 3 O Jesus in pity draw near,
Come quickly, to help a lost soul,
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole ;
The balm of thy mercy apply,
Thou seest the sore anguish I feel,
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
O save, or I sink into hell !
- 4 I sink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show :
Come quickly, and kindly display
The pow'r of thy passion below ;

By all thou hast done for my sake,
One drop of thy blood I implore;
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The sinner, a sinner no more !

HYMN CCLII. C. M.

The backslider returning.

- 1 **O** WHAT a cruel wretch am I,
To leave my Jesus so !
And now without his smiles I lie,
And know not where to go.
- 2 Once I enjoy'd his smiling face ;
But did not think so soon,
I should go mourning in distress,
And all my comfort gone.
- 3 Not all the glory of this earth
Can do me any good :
My soul abhors all carnal mirth
And greans to find my God.
- 4 O could I see his face again,
I'd tell him all my wo,
Confess how guilty I have been
To leave my Jesus so.
- 5 Then I will clasp him in my arms,
And he shall have my heart ;
And earth with all her treach'rous charms,
Forever shall depart.

HYMN CCLIII. C. M.

The backslider.

PART I.

1 **Y**E happy souls, whose peaceful minds,
 Are free from pain and fear :
 Ye objects which kind heav'n designs
 To make its constant care.
 To you I'll vent my mournful sighs,
 Press'd by my dismal fate ;
 O can you with me sympathize,
 While I my case relate ?

2 I once was happy in the Lord,
 My soul was in a flame ;
 I did delight to hear his word,
 And praise his holy name.
 His children were my heart's delight,
 I lov'd their company—
 I liv'd by faith both day and night,
 That Jesus dy'd for me.

3 But woe is me, those joys are past,
 Those blissful scenes are o'er;
 I'm like a city quite laid waste,
 To be rebuilt no more.
 In vain I cry, in vain I mourn,
 In vain I seek for rest,
 I fear the dove will ne'er return,
 To my poor troubled breast.

- 4 Alas ! alas! where shall I go,
Jesus from me is gone :
A child of sorrow grief and woe,
For ever more undone.
The gospel too, is hid from me,
Tho' often I do hear
The law denounces death on me,
And thunders out despair.
- 5 My hope is fled, and faith I've none,
God's word I cannot bear :
My sense and reason almost gone,
Fill'd with tormenting fear ;
What next to do I cannot tell,
So keen my sorrows are—
Without relief I sink to hell,
To howl in long despair.
- 6 The devils waiting me around,
To make my soul a prey ;
I wait to hear the trumpet sound.
“ Take, take the wretch away.”
I linger, pine, I groan and sigh,
Sleep now hath left mine eyes ;
And ghastly death seems drawing nigh,
And that without disguise.
- 7 O that I was some bird or beast,
Was I a stork or owl,
Some lofty tree should bear my nest,
Or through the desert prow.

But I have an immortal soul,
 Within this house of clay,
 That either must with devils howl,
 Or dwell in endless day.



HYMN CCLIV. C. M.

The Backslider.

PART II.

- 1 **O**NE ev'ning pensive as I lay,
 Alone upon the ground,
 As I to God began to pray,
 A light shone all around.
 These words with power went through my
 heart,
 I've come to set you free ;
 Death, hell nor grave shall never part,
 My love (my son) from thee.
- 2 My dungeon shook, my chains flew off;
 Glory to God I cry'd ;
 My soul was fill'd, I cry'd enough,
 For me the Saviour dy'd.
 The winter's past, the rain is gone,
 Sweet flowers do appear ;
 The morning's brought a glorious sun;
 That's banish'd ev'ry fear.
- 3 Hail brightest prince, eternal Lord,
 That left the blazing throne ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word,
 Thou art the Father's son.

When on the brink of hell I lay,
 Enclos'd in blackest night;
 Thou, Lord, didst hear the sinner pray,
 And brought my soul to light.

- 4 All you that's groaning in your chains,
 Without one spark of hope,
 Tho' inexpressible your pains,
 O still be looking up.
 The winds may blow and storms arise,
 A dark and gloomy night,
 The morning sun will clear the skies,
 With sweet prevailing light.



DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

HYMN CCLV. P. M.

An harvest, or end of the world.

- 1 **T**HE fields are all white, the harvest is near,
 The angels all with their sharp sickles appear,
 To reap down the wheat and gather it in barns,
 While the wild plants of nature are left for to burn.
- 2 Come then O my soul meditate on that day,
 When all things in nature shall cease and decay;
 When the trumpet shall sound, the angels appear
 To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the tare.

- 3 But hear the sad cry ascend to the sky,
Of those in distress that have no where to fly;
They'll call for the rocks and mountains to fall
On their naked souls for to hide them withal.
- 4 But 'twill all be in vain, the mountains will flee,
The rocks fly like hailstones and shall no more be;
The earth it shall quake, the seas shall retire,
And the solid world then shall be all on fire.
- 5 But hear the great Judge in that dread alarm,
Saying, gather my saints, bring them all to my
arms,
That the seven last plagues may be pour'd out
on those
Who have blasphem'd my name, and my saints
have oppos'd.
- 6 Then, O wretched sinners, look up and espy
The glorious Redeemer marching down the sky,
In a chariot of fire to the earth he is bound,
With a guard of bright angels attending him down.
- 7 Come hither ye nations, your sentence receive,
No longer my spirit shall strive and be griev'd;
My sentence is right, my judgment is just,
Come hither, ye blest, but depart, all ye curst.
- 8 O sinners, take warning, and seek ye the Lord;
I have not been jesting, 'tis Jesus' own word,
That those who believe, in glory shall stand,
While all unbelievers are sure to be damn'd.

- 9 Now farewell, I leave you to ponder your way,
 May the Lord seal instruction from what I now
 say ;
 That our souls to God's throne may be pour'd
 out in prayer,
 That we may be prepar'd to meet Christ in the
 air.
-

HYMN CCLVI. P. M.

- 1 **O**LD Satan doth rage, and his servants do
 fight
 With sin they are drunken, they're drunk in the
 night :
 With the great prince of peace they have dar'd
 to make war,
 But they'll be condemned when arraign'd at
 his bar.
- 2 Men ought to repent while mercy is near,
 Their gracious Creator, they should love and
 fear,
 And remember each day that they're born to die,
 But cannot tell whither their spirits shall fly.
- 3 His servants we are, to whom we obey,
 And that we shall certainly know the last day :
 Our wages shall be, for what we have done,
 The wicked shall tremble at his awful doom.
- 4 To hear his great Lord say, Depart from my
 face,
 Remember, poor sinner, I offer'd thee grace,
 But thou in thy day didst hate what was right,
 And still was determin'd to sin against light.

5 Darkness thou didst chuse in preference to light,
For thou was determin'd to hate what was right;
So through thy own ways, thy soul is undone,
And hell is enlarg'd for to make thee room.

6 O the shrieks and the cries of poor sinners
there,
O how they must tremble, to hear thee de-
clare—
Depart from my face, ye servants of sin,
And be punish'd forever, for the works you
have done.

HYMN CCLVII. C. M.

1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

- 5 Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings !
- 6 Infinite joy or endless wo,
Depends on ev'ry breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God !
-

HYMN CCLVIII. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker, face to face,
O how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought ;
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought !
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear !

- 4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
 Timely my sins lament,
 And early with repentant tears,
 Eternal wo prevent.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late;
 And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
 To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to secure,
 Who knows thine only Son hath dy'd
 To make that pardon sure.



HYMN CCLIX. S. M.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?
 To lay this body down?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown?
 A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierc'd by human thought;
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot.
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me?
 Eternal happiness or wo
 Must then my portion be!
 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave must rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skies!

- 3 How shall I leave my tomb!
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away
To meet its sentence there?
- 4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?
I must from God be driv'n,
Or with my Saviour dwell:
Must come at his command to heav'n,
Or else depart to hell.
- 5 O thou that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who dy'dst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!
Shew me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.
- 6 Thou art thyself the way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will;
So shall I love my God,
Because he first lov'd me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

HYMN CCLX.

1. **A**ND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity.
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay;
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch and tremble and prepare
Against that fatal day!
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne?
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy:
But oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destin'd place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath.
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!

How make my own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

- 6 Jesus vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
And whenso'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

HYMN COLXI. S. M.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread
We all shall soon appear;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, rob'd in majesty and pow'r,
Thou shalt from heav'n come down:
Th' immortal son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,

For ever let th' archangel's voice,
 Be sounding in our ears,
 The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come :
 "Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 "And meet your instant doom !"

- 4 O may we then be found
 Obedient to thy word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord !
 O may we thus insure
 A lot among the blest :
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest !



HYMN CCLXII. L. M.

- 1 **H**E comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe ;
 'The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll ;
 How welcome to the faithful soul !
- 2 From heav'n, angelic voices sound,
 See the almighty Jesus crown'd !
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord !

- 5 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN CCLXIII. C. M.

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be sav'd, shall I,
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin forever die?
- 2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right-hand appear,
A blessing to receive;
- 3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band
Dragg'd to the Judgment-seat,
Far on the left, with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet!
- 4 While they enjoy their Saviour's love,
Shall I be doom'd to hell!
While they sing hymns of praise above,
Must I in torments dwell?
- 5 Ah! no; I yet may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.
- 6 I will accept his offers now,
From ev'ry sin depart;
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

- 7 I will improve what I receive,
 The grace through Jesus giv'n;
 Sure, if with God on earth I live,
 To live with God in heav'n.



HYMN CCLXIV.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee, against myself, to thee,
 A worm of earth, I cry :
 A half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die !
- 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand
 Secure, insensible ;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heav'nly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart,
 Eternal things impress ;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 To tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness !
- 4 Before me place in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come ;
 To judge the nations at thy bar :
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom ?

- 5 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' ensure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil ;
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above !
Where faith, is sweetly lost in sight
And hope, in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.
-

HYMN CCLXV. C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come ;
Thy glorious conqu'ring king is near,
To take his exiles home :
The trumpet's thund'ring thro' the sky,
To set poor sinners free :
The day of wonders now is nigh,
The year of jubilee.
- 2 Ye heralds blow your trumpets loud,
Throughout the earth and sky :
Go, spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold, the judgment's nigh :
Blow out the sun, turn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood :
Whilst ev'ry star shall disappear,
The moon turn into blood.

- 3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear;
All tongues, all languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear:
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round;
While Gabriel with his silver trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.
- 4 The glorious news of gospel-grace,
With sinners now is o'er;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more:
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above;
On Canaan's happy shore they sing
And shout redeeming love.
- 5 Come all ye pilgrims of the Lord,
Whose hearts are join'd in one;
Hold up your hands with courage bold,
Your race is almost run:
Above the clouds behold him stand,
And smiling, bid you come;
Whilst angels beckon you away,
To your eternal home.
- 6 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view:
To heav'n he lifts his longing eyes,
And bid the world adieu:

While friends stand weeping all around,
 And loth to let him go,
 He shouts with his expiring breath,
 And leaves them all below.

- 7 O Christians ! are you ready now,
 To cross the narrow flood?
 On Canaan's happy shore behold,
 And see a smiling God !
 The dazzling charms of that bright world,
 Attract my soul above ;
 My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
 When perfected in love.
- 8 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
 I'm bound to meet you there ;
 'Though you've to travel th' enchanted ground,
 Hold out, and do not fear ;
 Fight on, fight on, ye conqu'ring souls,
 The land keep still in view ;
 And when you reach fair Canaan's shore,
 I hope to meet with you.



HYMN CCLXVI. C. M.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die,
 This well wrought frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.

- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodics shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Be heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love;
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above.
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues.
-

HYMN CCLXVII. C. M.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest;
That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:

I suffer on my threescore years
 Till my deliv'rer come;
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
 Before my ravish'd eyes,
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise!
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there!
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet,
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away:
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

HYMN CCLXVIII.

- 1 **H**APPY soul thy days are ended;
 All thy mourning days below;
 Go, by angel-guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus, go.
- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above;
 Shews the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast ;
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain ;
 Die, to live a life of glory ;
 Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN CCLXIX. P. M.

The thousand years of Christ's reign, or the new jubilee.

1 **W**HAT sound is this salutes my ear ?
 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,
 Th' expected day is come ;
 Behold the heaven, the earth, and sea,
 Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
 Return ye exiles home.

6 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
 Illuminated by the Lamb,
 In glory doth appear,
 Fair Zion's rising from the tomb,
 To meet the bridegroom now he's come,
 Which hails the Jubilee.

3 Transported with his bleeding charms,
 King Jesus takes her in his arms,
 She thus begins to sing ;
 From pits of wo, and fiery chains,
 Through floods of grief, exquisite pains,
 Behold the rising spring.

- 4 As larks and linnets sweetly sing,
All round the hills and valleys ring,
Safe from the fowler's snare ;
A thousand years our souls shall dwell,
And sing while satan's bound in hell,
Which ends the Jubilee year.
- 5 The dragon is let loose once more,
All round the earth his legions roar,
He is for want again ;
But he who sits upon the throne,
Drives satan and his army down
To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 6 The archangel's trumpet you shall hear,
A great white throne shall then appear,
To unfold an awful scene :
An angel turns the moon to blood,
Blows out the sun, consumes the flood,
And burns the broad terrene.
- 7 Depart ye cursed down to hell,
From all my saints to bid farewell,
Never to see my face ;
My calls of love you have withstood,
And trampled on my precious blood,
And spurn'd at offer'd grace.
- 8 See parents and their children part,
Some shout for joy, some bleed at heart,
Never to meet again ;
In fiery chariot, Zion flies,
And quickly gains the upper skies,
And Canaan's dazzling plains.

- 9 My soul is striving to be there,
 I long to rise and wing the air
 And trace the sacred road :
 Adieu ! adieu, all mortal things
 O ! that I had an angel's wings,
 I'd quickly see my God.
- 10 Fly ! gracious moments, fly, O fly !
 I thirst, I pant, I long, I try,
 Angelic joys to prove ;
 Soon I shall quit this house of clay,
 Clap my glad wings and soar away,
 And shout redeeming love.

 HXMN CCLXX. L. M.
Separation.

- 1 **C**OME we that love the Lord indeed,
 Who are from sin and bondage freed :
 Submit to all the ways of God,
 And walk this narrow, happy road,
- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
 But soon you'll walk the golden street,
 Tho' hell may rage and vent her spite,
 Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 The happy day will soon appear,
 When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,
 Sound thro' the earth, yea, down to hell,
 To call the nations great and small.

- 4 Behold the skies in burning flame,
The trumpet louder still proclaim,
The world must hear and know their doom,
The separation now is come,
- 5 Behold the righteous, marching home,
And all the angels bid them come,
Whilst Christ the Judge their joy proclaims,
Here come my saints, I own their names.
- 6 Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride ;
Ye harps of heaven, come sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.
- 7 In grandeur see the royal lines,
Whose glittering robes the sun outshines ;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendour round the throne.
- 8 They stand in wonder and look on,
And join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their hearts on fire.

HYMN CCLXXI P. M.

The dying Christian.

- 1 **M**Y soul is full of glory,
Inspiring my tongue,
Could I meet with angels,
I would sing them a song :

- I would sing of my Jesus
And tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me
To his loving arms.
- 2 Methinks they're descending
To hear while I sing,
Well pleas'd to hear mortals
Praising their king;
O angels ! O angels !
My soul's in a flame,
I faint in sweet raptures
At Jesus's name.
- 3 O Jesus ! O Jesus !
Thou balm of my soul;
'Twas thou my dear Jesus,
That made my heart whole :
O bring me to view thee,
Thou precious sweet King,
In oceans of glory
Thy praises to sing.
- 4 O heaven ! sweet heaven,
I long to be there,
'To meet all my brethren
And Jesus my dear :
Come angels, come angels,
I'm ready to fly,
Come quickly convey me
To God in the sky.

- 5 Sweet spirit attend me
Till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me
Till I am call'd home;
Though worms my poor body
May claim as their prey,
'Twill outshine when rising
The sun at noon day.
- 6 The sun shall be darken'd,
The moon turn'd to blood;
The mountains all melt
At the presence of God;
Red lightnings may flash,
Loud thunders may roar,
All this cannot daunt me
On Canaan's blest shore.
- 7 A glimpse of bright glory
Surprises my soul,
I sink in sweet visions
To view the bright goal:
My soul while I'm singing
Is leaping to go;
This moment for heaven
I'd leave all below.
- 8 Farewell, my dear brethren,
My Lord bids me come,
Farewell, my dear sisters,
I'm now going home:

Bright angels are whisp'ring
So sweet in my ear,
Away to my Saviour
My spirit will bear.

9 I'm going, I'm going,
But what do I see?
'Tis Jesus in glory
Appears unto me!
I'm going I'm going,
I'm going, I'm gone!
O glory! O glory!
'Tis done, it is done!

10 To the regions of glory
The spirit is fled,
And left this poor body
Inactive and dead;
With angelic armies
In glory to blaze,
On Jesus's beauties
Forever to gaze.

11 When the six seals shall open,
The trumpet shall sound,
To awake God's dear children
That sleep under ground;
Their souls and their bodies
Shall then join in one,
And each from their Saviour
Receive a bright crown.

HYMN CCLXXII. C. M.

The sinner's complaint in a dying hour.

- 1 **O** IS the king of terrors come,
And must I, must I die?
O wretched state to fix my doom
For death eternally.
- 2 How can I leave this mortal stage,
And take my wretched flight,
With all my sins, my hell and rage,
To everlasting night!
- 3 Ten thousand worlds I now would give
For a few moments more :
My fruitless wishes are to live ;
My day of grace is o'er.
- 4 No way, no way to shun the stroke,
The dreadful hour is come ;
My days are gone, my thread is broke,
And awful is my doom.
- 5 Curst be th' alluring charms of sense !
I've lost my soul for you ;
And now must go, I'm hurried hence
To bid your toys adieu.

HYMN CCLXXIII. P. M.

Warning.

1 **S**TOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
 Before you farther go—
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of future death or wo?
 Hell beneath is gaping wide!
 Vengeance waits the dread command,
 Soon to stop your sport and pride,
 And sink you with the damn'd.

O be entreated now to stop,
 For unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware you'll drop
 Into the burning lake.

2 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to the bar;
 Then to hear your awful doom
 Will fill you with despair:
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of bloody crimson die,
 Back for vengeance crying loud,
 And what can you reply?
 O be entreated, &c.

3 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose!
 Fear you not his iron rod,
 With which he breaks his foes?

Can you stand in that great day,
 When he the earth shall melt away,
 Like wax before the flame?
 O be entreated, &c.

4 Though your hearts are made of steel
 Your foreheads lin'd with brass;
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass:
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Though they now despise his grace;)
 Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
 And hide us from his face.
 O be entreated, &c.

5 But as yet there is a hope,
 That you may mercy know;
 Though his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow:
 It was for sinners Jesus dy'd,
 Sinners he invites to come;
 None who come shall be deny'd;
 He says there yet is room.
 O be entreated, &c.

HYMN CCLXXIV. C. M.

Warning the Youth.

1 **R**EMEMBER, sinful youth, you must die,
 you must die,
 Remember, sinful youth, you must die,
 Remember, sinful youth, you must die;

Remember, sinful youth, who hate the way of
truth,
And in your pleasures boast you must die, &c.

2 Uncertain are your days here below, &c.
Uncertain are your days here below ;
Uncertain are your days for God has many
ways
To bring you to your graves here below, &c.

3 And if you travel down the broad road, &c.
And if you travel down the broad road,
And if you travel down to darkness you are
bound,
Eternally around the broad road, &c.

4 To a dreadful judgment day you are bound, &c.
To a dreadful judgment day you are bound,
To a dreadful judgment day, be your thoughts
whate'er they may,
Nor can you it delay—you are bound, &c.

5 The God who built the skies, great I AM, &c.
The God who built the skies, great I AM,
The God who built the sky, has said, and cannot lie,
Impenitents must die, and be damn'd, &c.

6 And O my friends, don't you, I entreat, &c.
And O my friends, don't you, I entreat,
And O my friends, don't you your carnal mirth
pursue,
Your guilty souls undo—I entreat, &c.

- 7 Unto the Saviour flee, escape for life, &c.
 Unto the Saviour flee, escape for life,
 Unto the Saviour flee, lest death eternal be,
 Your final destiny—escape for life, escape for
 life.



HXMN CCLXXV. C. M.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 **T**HE great tremendous day's approaching,
 That awful scene is drawing nigh;
 Was long foretold by ancient phrophets,
 Decreed from all eternity.
 But O my soul, reflect and wonder!
 That awful scene is drawing near,
 When you shall see that great transaction,
 When Christ in judgment shall appear.
- 2 See nature stand all in amazement,
 To hear the last loud trumpet sound;
 Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment,
 Ye nations of the world around!
 Loud thunders rumbling through the concave,
 Bright forked lightnings part the skies;
 The heavens a-shaking, the earth a-quaking;
 The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.
- 3 The orbit lamps, all veil'd in sackcloth;
 No more their shining circuits run;
 The wheel of time stops in a moment,
 Eternal things are now begun.

Huge massy rocks and tow'ring mountains
Over their tumbling bases roar;
The raging ocean, all in commotion,
Is hov'ring round her frightened shore.

4 Green turfy grave yards, and tombs of marble,
Give up their dead, both small and great;
See the whole world, both saints and sinners,
Are coming to the judgment-seat.
See Jesus on the throne of justice,
Come thund'ring down the parted skies,
With countless armies of shining angels;
With hallelujahs shout for joy.

5 Bright shining streams from his awful presence,
His face ten thousand suns outshine;
Behold him coming in power and glory;
To meet him all his saints combine.
Go forth, ye heralds, with speed like lightning.
Call in my saints from distant lands,
Those that my blood from hell have ransom'd,
Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

6 O come, ye blessed of my Father,
The purchase of my dying love;
Receive the crowns of life and glory,
Which are laid up for you above.
For your dear souls which have continu'd
With me, and my temptations bore,
I have provided for you a kingdom,
To reign with me for evermore.

7 There's flowing fountains of living water;
 No sickness, pain, nor death to fear.
 No sorrows, sighing, no tears nor weeping
 Shall ever have admittance here.
 But how will sinners stand and tremble,
 When justice calls them to the bar!
 Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
 Their everlasting doom to hear.

8 See justice now, with indignation,
 Calling aloud for sinners' blood;
 Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,
 And crucify'd the Son of God,
 Depart from me, ye cursed sinners!
 My face you never more shall see:
 Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,
 To endless wo and misery.

9 Each guilty soul then struck with horror,
 And anguish throbbing in their breast.
 Forever doom'd to endless sorrow,
 And never more to hope for rest,
 Come, sinners, here's a faithful warning;
 Return to Jesus while you may,
 For he is ready to forgive you,
 Or else you must depart away.

HYNN CCLXXVI. C. M.

Warning to Sinners, to flee from the wrath to come.

1 **W**ITH love of pity I look round
 Upon my fellow clay;
 See men reject the gospel sound,
 Good God! what shall I say?

- 2 O sinners, sinners, will you hear,
When in God's name I come?
Upon your peril don't forbear,
Lest hell should be your doom.
- 3 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners ! come away ;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.
- 4 Do not refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw ;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.
- 5 Then where, poor sinners will you be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
And stand before his face.
- 6 O ! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night
From that all searching eye.
- 7 But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand ;
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.
- 8 No yearning bowels' pity then,
Will e'er affect my heart ;
No, I shall surely say Amen,
When Christ bids you depart.

- 9 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear,
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.
-

HYMN CCLXXVII. P. M.

- 1 **B**UT oh ! the sad and dismal state,
Of those who stay till it's too late :
The foolish virgins did begin
To knock, but could not enter in,
So now you see's the time to sing
Hallelujah to our heav'nly King.
- 2 When Christ the Lord shall come again,
On a bright cloud, in burning flame,
Saying, " Gabriel, go, proclaim the sound,
Awake ye nations under ground ;"
Sinners, then you shall never sing
Hallelujah to our heav'nly King.
- 3 Then, parents, take a solemn view
Of your own offspring, dear to you ;
How will you bear to hear them cry,
And blame you for their misery ?
Then teach them in their youth to sing
Hallelujah to our heav'nly King.
- 4 Great God ! what groans, what mournful cries !
And thunder rolling through the skies :
Poor sinners sinking in despair,
While saints are flying through the air :
How many then will stand and sing
Hallelujah to our heav'nly King.

- 5 No longer then shall sinners hope :—
 The streams of mercy are shut up ;
 While justice strikes the fatal blow,
 The sinner sinks in endless woe.
 Now, O my God, teach us to sing,
 Hallelujah to our heav'nly King.
- 6 That glorious day ere long will come,
 When Christians will be gather'd home ;
 To dwell with Christ in perfect peace,
 Where sorrow, grief and pain shall cease.
 I hope we shall meet there and sing
 Hallelujah to our heav'nly King.
- 7 Then, brethren, keep your Lord in view,
 And bear the cross he bore for you ;
 Hold out with patience to the end,
 Fear not, for Jesus is your friend :
 In glory then we'll join and sing,
 Hallelujah to our heav'nly King.

HYMN CCLXXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **A**ND must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer in that day,
 For ev'ry vain and idle thought,
 And ev'ry word I say ?
- 2 Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart
 Shall shortly be made known ;
 And I receive my just desert,
 For all that I have done.

- 3 How careful then ought I to live;
 With what religious fear;
 Who such a strict account must give
 For my behaviour here!
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
 The watchful pow'r bestow!
 So shall I to my ways take heed,
 To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou "standest at the door,"
 O let me feel thee near!
 And make my peace with God, before
 I at thy bar appear.

NEW-YEAR.

HYMN CCLXXIX.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise!
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days;
 Who lengthens out our trials here,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground!
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
 Another, and another year.

- 3 When justice drew the sword,
 To cut the fig-tree down;
 The pity of our Lord,
 Cry'd, "Let it still alone!"
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood,
 From God obtain'd the grace;
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space;
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo! we see another year!
- 5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound;
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.
-

HYMN CCLXXX. C. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the great Jehovah's praise!
 All praise to him belongs:
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs:
 His providence hath brought us through
 Another various year;
 We all with vows, and anthems now
 Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continu'd care;
 To thee presenting thro' thy Son,
 Whate'er we have, or are;
 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
 The wonders of thy love,
 While on in Jesus' steps we go
 To seek thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours,
 Thine, wholly thine shall be;
 And all our consecrated pow'rs
 A sacrifice to thee;
 Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
 To saints on earth forgiv'n,
 And bring the grand sabbatic year,
 The jubilee of heav'n.



HYMN CCLXXXI. C. M.

1 **A**ND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.

2 Now a new scene of time begins;
 Set out a-fresh for heav'n;
 Seek pardon, for thy daily sins,
 In Christ so freely giv'n.

CHRISTMAS.

HYMN CCLXXXII.

- 1 **A**LL glory to God in the sky,
 And peace upon earth be restor'd;
 O Jesus exalted on high,
 Appear our omnipotent Lord!
 Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
 Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
 Once more to thy creatures return,
 And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
 All nature acknowledg'd thy birth;
 Arose the acceptable year,
 And heaven was open'd on earth:
 Receiving its Lord from above,
 The world was united to bless
 The giver of concord and love,
 The Prince and the Author of Peace.
- 3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
 Again in thy spirit descend,
 And set up in each of thine own,
 A kingdom that never shall end:
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
 Who long thy appearance to know :
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign,
 In mercy establish below !
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er;
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarm of war
 Shall break our eternal repose;
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesus's spirit o'erflows :
 Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
 We all shall in amity join,
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like thine.

HYMN CCLXXXIII. S. M.

1 **F**ATHER, our hearts we lift
 Up to thy gracious throne,
 And thank thee for the precious gift
 Of thine incarnate Son ;
 The gift unspeakable
 We thankfully receive,
 And to the world thy goodness tell,
 And to thy glory live.

2 Jesus the holy child
 Doth by his birth declare,
 That God and man are reconcil'd,
 And one in him we are ;

Salvation through his name
To all mankind is giv'n,
And loud his infant-cries proclaim
A peace 'twixt earth and heav'n.

3 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end :
'The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares himself our Friend :
Assumes our flesh and blood,
That we his grace may gain ;
'The everlasting Son of God,
The mortal Son of man.

4 His kingdom from above
He doth to us impart,
And pure benevolence and love,
O'erflow the faithful heart :
Chang'd in a moment, we
The sweet attraction find,
With open arms of charity
Embracing all mankind.

5 O might they all receive
The new-born Prince of Peace,
And meekly in his Spirit live,
And in his love increase !
Till he convey us home,
Cry ev'ry soul aloud,
Come, thou desire of nations, come ;
And take us up to God !

HYMN CCLXXXIV.

- 1 **A**LL, all hail! happy day,
 When enrob'd in our clay,
 The Redeemer appear'd upon earth;
 Now how can we refrain,
 For to join the glad strain,
 And to hail our Immanuel's birth?
- 2 O how boundless that love,
 First begotten above,
 And thro' Jesus to sinners made known!
 Lift, O lift up your voice,
 And exulting rejoice,
 For Jehovah to earth is come down?
- 3 All ye angels of God,
 Sound his praises abroad,
 And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM,
 Now we also will join
 In a hymn so divine,
 Giving glory to God and the Lamb!
- 4 Unto Christ we will sing,
 As our High-Priest and King,
 And our Prophet to teach us the road;
 He is more than all this,
 For Almighty he is:
 And we own him our Saviour and God.
- 5 To our Jesus's praise
 Let us spend all our days:
 For 'tis he who our surety hath stood:

He hath sojourn'd below,
That his mercy might flow,
And he purchas'd our pardon with blood.

6 O may ev'ry return
Of this once blessed morn,
Be for ever remember'd with joy !
Now sweet accents of praise,
All our voices shall raise ;
Hallelujahs shall be our employ !

7 Let the echo prolong,
The harmonious song,
Hallelujahs again and again ;
He now kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain :

8 Blessed Jesus, while we
Pay our tribute to thee,
Let us worship, admire and adore :
O accept as thy crown,
What before was thine own,
Hallelujahs and praise evermore.

HYMN CCLXXXV.

1 **H**ARK ! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King ;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
"God and sinners reconcil'd :"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies ;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

- 2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb;
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, desire of nations come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head:
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.
-

HYMN CCLXXXVI. C. M.

- 1 " **S**HEPHERDS rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" And send your fears away,
" News from the regions of the skies—
" Salvation's born to day.

- 2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you;
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.
- 3 " No gold, nor purple swaddling-bands,
" Nor royal shining things;
" A manger for his cradle stands,
" And holds the King of kings.
- 4 " Go shepherds, where the Infant lies,
" And see his humble throne:
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around,
The heav'nly armies throng:
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:
- 6 " Glory to God that reigns above,
" Let peace surround the earth;
" Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
" At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When we forget to praise!
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pity'd us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN CCLXXXVII. C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind :)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
"Is born of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
"And this shall be the sign ;
- 4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find
"To human view display'd,
"All meanly wrapp'd in swathing-bands,
"And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, on high,
And thus address'd their song ;
- 6 "All glory be to God, on high,
"And to the earth be peace ;
"Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men,
"Begin and never cease."

HYMN CCLXXXVIII. P. M.

- 1 **F**ROM the regions of love, lo ! an angel
descended,
And told the strange news, how the babe was
attended ;
Go shepherds and visit this wonderful stranger,
See yonder bright star—there's your Lord in a
manger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who has purchas'd our pardon,
We will praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

- 2 Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation,
Glad tidings of joy, now behold your salvation !
Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer, while heaven rejoices.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 Now glory to God, in the highest is given,
Now glory to God, is re-echoed through heaven :
Around the whole earth, let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 Enraptur'd I burn with delight and desire,
Such love so divine, sets my soul all on fire ;

Hh

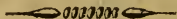
Around the bright throne ; hosannas are ring-
ing,

O when shall I join them, and ever be sing-
ing—

Hallelujah, &c.

- 5 Triumphantly ride in my chariot victorious
And conquer with love, O Jesus all glorious :
Thy banners unfurl let the nations surrender,
And own thee their Saviour, their God and de-
fender.

Hallelujah, &c.



PASTORAL.



HYMN CCLXXXI . L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold !
See, Lord, with yearning bowels see
Poor souls that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gather'd in by thee.
- 2 Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want :
With no kind Shepherd near, to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.
- 3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art ;
Collect thy flock, and give them food
And pastors after thine own heart.

- 4 Give the pure word of gen'ral grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd;
Preachers who all the sinful race,
Point to the all-atoning blood.
- 5 Open their mouth, and utt'rance give,
Give them a trumpet-voice to call
A world, who all may turn and live,
Through faith in him who dy'd for all.
- 6 In ev'ry messenger reveal
The grace they preach divinely free;
That each may by thy Spirit tell,
"He dy'd for all who dy'd for me."
- 7 A double portion from above,
Of that all-quick'ning spirit impart;
Shed forth thy universal love
In ev'ry faithful Pastor's heart.
- 8 Thine only glory let them seek,
O let their hearts with love o'erflow;
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below.

HYMN CCXC. C. M.

True Liberty given by Christ.

- 1 **H**ARK ! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty;
Transported fall before his feet,
Who makes the prisoners free.

- 2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain ;
Smiling he deals those pardons round,
Which frees from endless pain.
- 3 Into the captive heart he pours
His spirit from on high ;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And Abba Father cry.
- 4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace ;
The sinner's friend proclaim,
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.
- 5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above ;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love.

HYMN CCXCI. P. M.

- 1 **H**OLY God, and hast thou sent
Me here to preach to-day ;
O baptize my soul with fire,
And point me out the way :
When I draw the gospel bow,
Jesus let thine arrows fly,
May each sinner feel this day
That thou for him didst die.
- 2 Lord we have assembled here,
To hear what thou wouldst say ;
Some come from the east and west,
Yea north and south, to pray ;

If I am sent to preach thy word,
Holy God display thy pow'r,
And may we have a Pentecost
A sweet refreshing show'r.

3 Sinners, Lord, are trembling now,
The tears are trickling down,
Keen conviction decks their brow,
While they behold thy frown.
O for justifying grace,
O for thy converting pow'r,
Lord we beg for Jesus' sake
A sweet refreshing show'r.

4 Here backsliding Peter too,
That left the narrow way,
O my Lord, shall they be damn'd?
Shall they be devil's prey?
If there's mercy for their souls,
O now reach them by thy pow'r;
Lord, we beg for Jesus' sake,
A sweet refreshing show'r.

5 Here are some, though justified,
Who feel their inbred sin,
And they long to see the day,
When they shall be made clean.
O for sanctifying grace,
O for purifying pow'r;
Lord, we beg for Jesus' sake;
A sweet refreshing show'r.

- 6 Lord of Heav'n and earth descend,
 And feed thy Lambs to-day,
 Help us in thy name to preach,
 To hear, to see and pray.
 O for streams of grace and love,
 O for floods of life and pow'r,
 Lord, we beg for Jesus' sake,
 A sweet and gospel show'r.
-

HYMN CCXCII. P. M.

Meeting before the Throne of God.

- 1 COME on, my fellow pilgrims come
 And let us all be hast'ning home ;
 We soon shall land on you blest shore,
 Where pains and sorrows are no more ;
 There we our Jesus shall adore,
 Forever blest.
- 2 What though our way to Zion be
 Beset with pain and poverty,
 What though temptations us assail,
 Though foes increase and friends do fail,
 The Lord's our friend, we'll cry all hail !
 Forever blest.
- 3 O what a joyful meeting, when
 With all the saints and righteous men,
 And with the numerous angels too,
 We sing the song forever new,
 And still have Jesus in our view,
 Forever blest.

- 4 No period then our joy shall know,
 Secure from every mortal foe ;
 No sickness there, no want or pain,
 Shall e'er disturb our rest again,
 When with Immanuel we reign
 Forever blest.
-

HYMN CCXCIII. P. M.

What think ye of Christ ?

- 1 **W**HAT think ye of Christ? is the test
 To try both your state and your scheme:
 You cannot be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of him.
 As Jesus appears in your view,
 As he is beloved or not;
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 2 Some take him a creature to be,
 A man, or an angel at most;
 Sure these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost;
 So guilty, so helpless am I,
 I durst not confide in his blood,
 Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I were sure he is God.
- 3 Some call him a Saviour in word,
 But mix their own works with the plan;
 And hope he his help will afford,
 When they have done all that they can.

If doings prove rather too light,
 (A little they own they may fail)
 They purpose to make up full weight,
 By casting his name in the scale.

- 4 Some style him the pearl of great price,
 And say he's the fountain of joys;
 Ye feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys;
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute him, betray;
 Ah! what will profession like this
 Avail in that terrible day.
- 5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think?
 Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
 I say he's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store;
 My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall;
 My hope from beginning to end,
 My *portion*, my *Lord*, and my *all*.

HYMN CCXCIV. C. M.

Reign of Christ.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, O Lord, the latter day,
 When grace shall reign alone,
 And all the nations of the world
 Shall bow before thy throne.
- 2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
 Press to the gospel sound,
 And grace eternal sweetly shine,
 To ravish all around.

- 3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lamb
 Raise the dear cross on high,
 And from a clear refulgent light,
 Shall all see eye to eye.
- 4 Now shall the glorious gospel fly,
 To sound the Saviour forth;
 And faith, and love, and joys divine
 Shall run through all the earth.
- 5 Then war shall cease, and wrath subside,
 And peace immortal flow;
 And saints unite in joy and peace,
 And glory reign below.
- 6 Lord, we would bless thee for a a y,
 Of such triumphant grace,
 That leads to everlasting day,
 And pure eternal bliss.
-

HYMN CCXCV. L. M.

Composed by a young Minister upon his own exercise, while he was going to preach for the first time.

- 1 **O** LORD, I pray that thou wilt show
 Whether that I am call'd to go
 And sound the gospel trumpet loud,
 To high and low, to meek and proud.
- 2 When I before the people stand,
 O Lord, I ask it at thy hand,
 To chain my tongue in silence tight,
 If thus to speak I am not right.

- 3 But if thou say'st unto me, Go,
O may thy Spirit sweetly flow
Into my soul, and my tongue loose!
Then I'll proclaim the joyful news:
- 4 Peace on the earth, to men good will;
Come, all who thirst, and drink your fill;
Come, taste of Jesus' dying love,
And you shall reign with him above.
- 5 But if you will refuse to come,
Christ will declare your dreadful doom,
Depart from me, I know you not,
From my fair book your name I'll blot.
- 6 Depart from me; it is too late:
You've spent your day, and fix'd your state
In darkness, blackness, and despair,
And no deliv'rance you shall share.

HYMN CCXCVI. S. M.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
That bring Salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are :
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
" He reigns and triumphs here !"
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound ;
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

- 4 Now blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light ;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad :
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.
-

HYMN CCXCVII. C. M.

A wedding Hymn.

- 1 **S**INCE Jesus freely 'did appear
To grace a marriage-feast ;
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding-guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands !
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best !
Their substance bless, and peace bestow ;
To sweeten all the rest.

- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking each their share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In pray'r and faith, and hope:
And see, with joy, a godly seed,
To build their household up:
- 6 As Isaac and Rebecca, give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this marry'd couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.
- 7 On ev'ry soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.

HYMN CCXCVIII. P. M.

- 1 **O**UR guns and our swords we'll send home
to perdition,
For that is the place from whence murder first
came,
We profess to have union with our precious
Abel,
And resolved to have nothing to do with old
Cain.

CHORUS.

March along, march along, O ye sons of the
Jubilee,
March ye along, and win the gospel field,

March along, march along, O ye sons of the jubilee,

Ye must not give over, ye never must yield.

- 2 Old Esau he hunts, while Jacob gains the blessing,

For God in his wisdom has ordered it so,

The one stays at home, while the others forced to travel,

But God is still with him wherever he goes.

March along, march along, &c.

- 3 Beat your swords into ploughshares, your spears into pruning hooks,

For this is a work that's both generous and brave,

For love is the standard of every true christian,

It is all their delight precious souls for to save.

March along, march along, &c.

- 4 True love is delightful, but murder is cruel—
Love comforts the heart, and it's better than wine ;

The exploits of the warrior will never make him happy,

Men never are happy but when they are kind.

March along, march along, &c.

- 5 Then flock up to the standing of love undefiled
And then you'll know something of Christ's royal law :

He says if you love me then keep my commandments,

And I will be with you wherever you go.

March along, march along, &c.

HYMN CCXCIX. P. M.

- 1 **Y**E sons of the main, ye that sail o'er the
flood,
Whose sins, big as mountains, have reach'd up
to God,
Remember the short voyage of life soon will
end,
Now come brother sailor make Jesus your friend.
- 2 Look astern on your life, see your wake mark'd
with sin,
Look ahead! see what torments you'll soon
founder in;
The hard rocks of death will soon beat out your
keel,
Then your vessel and cargo will all sink to hell.
- 3 Lay by your old compass, 'twill do you no good,
It ne'er will direct you the right way to God.
Mind your helm, brother sailor, and don't fall
asleep,
Watch and pray, night and day, lest you sink in
the deep.
- 4 Spring your luff, brother sailor, the breeze now
is fair;
Trim your sail to the wind, and those torrents
you'll clear.
Thy leading star, Jesus, keep full in your view,
You'll weather the danger, he'll guide you safe
through.

- 5 Renounce your old captain, the devil straight-
way,
The crew that you sail with, will lead you astray:
Desert their black colours, come under the red,
Where Jesus is captain, to conquest be led.
- 6 His standard's unfurl'd, see it wave through
the air,
And volunteers coming from far off and near;
Now's the time brother sailor, no longer delay,
Embark now with Jesus, good wages he'll pay.
- 7 The bounty he'll give when the voyage doth
begin,
Is Justification and freedom from sin;
Good usage he'll give, while we sail on the way,
And shortly you'll anchor in Heaven's broad
bay.
- 8 In the harbour of glory, forever you'll ride,
Free from quicksands, and dangers, and sin's
rapid tide;
Waves of death cease to roll, and tempests are
o'er;
The hoarse breath of Boreas dismast thee no
more.
- 9 Thy tarpawling jacket no longer you'll wear,
But robes of bright glory all shining and fair,
A crown on thy head that would dazzle the
sun,
And from glory to glory eternally run,

HYMN CCC. S. M.

Handed to Mr. Elliott after preaching, by a young man
not known.

- 1 **I** HEARD the Saviour's voice,
When in the bloom of youth;
But I must make a wretched choice,
And shun the way of truth.
- 2 And fight against my God,
For sin hath blinded me ;
Nor could my faith discern the blood ;
That flow'd from Calvary.
- 3 But with the sinful race,
Still rushing down the steep ;
While others would receive his grace,
And his commandments keep.
- 4 I promised at length,
To read his blessed word ;
But trusted in myself for strength,
To love and serve the Lord.
- 5 Soon in afflictions flood,
I was o'erwhelm'd in grief,
But still refus'd the Saviour's blood,
That came to my relief.
- 6 When on the boist'rous main,
Wash'd by the tow'ring wave ;
In that terrific hour he came
And snatch'd me from the grave.
- 7 Still I pursu'd the road.
That leads to endless woe ;
In darkness there to take abode,
And never mercy know.

- 8 Yet conscience did foresee,
Which heighten'd all my fears ;
And christians would my grief renew,
With sympathizing tears.
- 9 Alas am I astray ?
Have I of grace been born ?
Why does the night abscond the day,
Why am I thus forlorn ?
- 10 The terror of his word
Ne'er broke this stony heart,
For when I once distrust the Lord,
His spirit doth depart.
- 11 Themes doth my heart possess,
And sin is my pursuit ;
Therefore the seed of righteousness,
Can never bear its fruit.
- 12 Yet sin like mountains rise,
To fright my soul away,
And unbelief doth blind my eyes,
How then can sinners pray.
- 13 If there is no other pool
But that of Jesus blood,
Then take O Lord my sin-sick soul,
And wash it in that flood.
- 14 Remove each mountain sin,
And drive each cloud away ;
O let thy spirit enter in,
And teach me how to pray.

- 15 O Lord ! do not depart,
But hear a sinners prayer ;
O may thy spirit rule my heart,
And dwell for ever there.
- 16 Great God thy just awards,
How dare I thus to scan,
When thou hast sent the Lord
To rescue sinful man.
- 17 Then for his sake alone
Do thou the dead revive,
For thou canst break the heart of stone,
And kill and make alive.
-

HYMN CCCI.

On the death of a young woman.

- 1 **Y**OUNG people hear and I will tell,
A soul I fear has gone to hell !
A woman who was young and fair,
Who dy'd in sin and black despair.
- 2 Her tender parents oft did pray,
For her poor soul from day to day,
And gave her counsel, good advice,
But she delighted still in vice.
- 3 She'd go to frolics, dance and play,
In spite of all her friends would say,
" I'll turn to God when I am old,
" And then he will receive my soul."

- 4 At length I heard the spirit say,
Thou sinful wretch forsake thy way,
Now turn to God, or you shall dwell,
Forever in the flames of hell.
- 5 I am too young, she then replied,
My comrades all will me deride,
The spirit then bid her farewell,
I fear, consign'd this wretch to hell.
- 6 It was not long 'till death did come,
And call'd this hopeless sinner home,
And when upon her dying bed,
She call'd her friends and thus she said.
- 7 My friends I bid you all farewell,
I die, I die, I sink to hell,
There I must lie, and scream and roar,
I'm lost and damn'd forevermore.
- 8 Her tender parents she address'd,
I hope your souls will both be bless'd,
Your dying child you now may see,
Who soon will be in misery.

HYMN CCCII. P. M.

- 1 **S**EE the men of the world they look down
 with disdain,
 But you know my dear friends they are not born
 again,
 Their hearts are unholy, their souls full of pride,
 But the day is approaching when they'll want
 to hide.
- 2 From the presence of God whom they now do
 despise
 And provoke him always with their oaths and
 their lies
 For their laughing, and scoffing, and sporting,
 and sinning,
 They'll have for to dwell in the regions of ruin.
- 3 When the graves are all open and judgment is
 set,
 Then how the poor sinners will weep and la-
 ment ;
 They'll say I have sinned, and would not have
 grace,
 So now I am driven from Jesus's face.
- 4 Come ye rocks and ye mountains, come fall on
 my head,
 And keep me from Judgment for that I do dread,
 My works are unrighteous and I'm all unclean,
 I am ruined for ever my soul is undone;

- 5 O the thoughts of hells fire how it pierces my
soul,
Could I live once again I would do so no more;
I am ruined for ever, my soul is undone,
And this is the end of the race I have run.
- 6 As I travell'd through life I chose what I would,
I hated God's saints and despis'd what was
good,
But now they're exalted while I am cast away,
O that I had been banished and never seen day.

HYMN CCCIII.

Dismission.

- 1 **L**ORD dismiss us with a blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruit of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence,
With us ever more be found.
- 3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay,
May we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

HYMN CCCIV. C. M.

Exhortation to Backsliders.

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDERS, who your mis'ry feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
O crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Tho' crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
O crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the spirits groan;
O crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small;
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
O crown him Lord of all.

HYMN CCCV.

- 1 **A**WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
I knew not what to do;
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe.

- 2 Amaz'd I stood but could not tell,
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 Then to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth I found remain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my troubled mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldly load:
Alas! I read and found it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare:
But when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.
- 6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
I felt his pity move;
The sinner by his justice slain;
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

- 7 To heav'n the joyful tidings flew,
 The angels tun'd their harps anew,
 And loftier sounds did raise :
 All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
 Unnumber'd millions born again,
 Shall shout thine endless praise.
-

HYMN CCCVI.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
 O how I long for thee!
 When will my sorrows have an end;
 Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
 Most glorious to behold!
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green
 My study long have been;
 Such sparkling light, by human sight
 Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence?
 What folly 'tis, that I should dread
 To die and go from hence?
- 5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
 And cause me to ascend
 Where congregations ne'er break up.
 And sabbaths never end.

- 6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I here no more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 8 There we shall meet and no more part,
And heav'n shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love in every heart
Shall tune the song Free Grace.
- 9 Millions of years around may run,
Our song shall still go on;
To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit three in one.
- 10 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun.
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

HYMN CCCVII. C. M.

An old sinner dying in despair.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the man three score and ten,
Upon a dying bed;
Has run his race and got no grace,
An awful sight indeed.

Kk

- 2 Poor man, he lies in sore surprise,
And thus he doth complain :
No grace I've got, and I cannot
Recal my time again.
- 3 This is the truth, I've spent my youth
In sinful sports and mirth;
Put far away the evil day,
And scarcely thought on death.
- 4 My conscience then could not refrain,
But gave me many a check ;
But wilfully I put him by,
His voice I did reject.
- 5 God's spirit came once and again
To me from realms above ;
Alas ! but I would not comply ;
I griev'd the heavenly dove.
- 6 In middle age did I engage
In the affairs of life ;
Some wealth to gain, that might sustain
My children and my wife.
- 7 This wordly care did prove a snare,
The devil led me on ;
And now, alas, this is the case,
My day of grace is gone.
- 8 My sins are all, both great and small,
Before my fixed eye ;
And I must go to endless woe,
To burn eternally.

9 O dreadful hell where I must dwell,
 God's vengeance reigneth there :
 I yield my breath to cruel death,
 In horror and despair.

10 My glass is run, and I'm undone,
 No mercy can I find ;
 And instantly the man doth die,
 And leave no hope behind.

11 An awful sight, God grant it might
 A warning be to all ;
 To seek God's face for saving grace,
 And hearken to his call.

HYMN CCCVIII. L. M.

The Young Lady's Experience.

1 **Y**OUNG ladies all, I pray draw near,
 Listen awhile and you shall hear
 How sin and satan both did try
 To land my soul in misery.

2 I, like the rest of human kind,
 Was born in sin, both deaf and blind;
 And as my days advanc'd I grew
 The more debas'd, and form'd for woe.

3 That darling sin I did commit,
 Was that which some delight in yet,
 That heinous sin, call'd civil mirth,
 God threatens with his dreadful curse.

- 4 Full eighteen years around did roll
Before I thought on my poor soul;
Which makes me shudder when I think
How near I was upon the brink.
- 5 I often times to church did go,
My beauty and fine clothes to show;
But on my soul I took no thought,
Though Jesus had it dearly bought.
- 6 At length I heard a Baptist preach,
His words quite through my heart did reach;
He said I must be born again
If ever heaven I'd obtain.
- 7 To keep the law to work I went,
But found I fail'd in every point;
The law appear'd so just and true,
Not one good duty could I do.
- 8 In silent watches of the night,
In secret places where I might,
Upon my knees pour out my grief,
And pray to God for some relief.
- 9 My uncle said don't be so dull,
Come, go with me to yonder ball;
I'll dress you up in silks so fine,
And make you heir of all that's mine.
- 10 Dear uncle, that will never do.
That only will augment my woe;
For I'm resolv'd to seek the Lord,
Perhaps he may his help afford.

- 11 Well, if you are resolv'd to turn,
And after silly babblers run,
None of my portion you shall have;
I will it to some others give.
- 12 Well, I'm resolv'd to seek the Lord,
Perhaps he may his aid afford:
Come, help me mourn my wretched case,
My soul is lost without free grace.
- 13 Thus in my great extremity,
When almost helpless I did lie,
I thought I heard a low still voice
Saying, Arise, in me rejoice!
- 14 Immediately my soul did rise
On wings of faith above the skies:
I count all earthly things but dross.
For glory in my Saviour's cross.
- 15 I'm not asham'd to own my Lord,
Since me he doth his aid afford;
I value no man's scoffs nor frown,
I hope to wear a starry crown.
- 16 Come you that love his works and ways,
Come join with me to sing his praise
But I must try to praise him best,
I've run so deep in debt to grace.

HYMN CCCIX. C. M.

- 1 **C**HRIST'S manhood is a temple, where
The eternal God doth rest ;
Our Christ, he is the sacrifice,
Our Christ, he is the priest.
- 2 Having found this pearl of great price,
Our hearts do sing for joy :
And pray we must, a Christ we have;
O ! what a Christ have we ?
- 3 Our Christ he is the Lord of Lords,
He is the King of kings ;
He is the Son of righteousness,
With healing in his wings.
- 4 Christ is our Father and our God,
Our brother and our love ;
Our head, our hope, our joy, our crown,
Our advocate above.
- 5 Our Christ he is the heav'n of heav'us,
Our Christ what shall we call ?
Our Christ is first, our Christ is last,
Our Christ is all in all !

HYMN CCCX. C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a heaven o'er yonder skies,
 A heaven where pleasure never dies;
 A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
 But fear again 'tis not for me.
 But Jesus, Jesus, is my friend, O hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus, is my friend.
- 2 The way is difficult and straight,
 And narrow is the gospel gate;
 Ten thousand dangers are therein,
 Ten thousand snares to take me in.
 But Jesus, &c.
- 3 I travel through a world of foes,
 Through conflicts sore my spirit goes,
 The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
 Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
 But Jesus, &c.
- 4 The way of danger I am in,
 Beset with devils, men and sin;
 But in this way thy track I see,
 And mark'd with blood it seems to be.
 Sweet Jesus, &c.
- 5 Come life, come death, come then what will,
 His footsteps I will follow still,
 Through dangers thick and hell's alarms
 I shall be safe in his dear arms.
 O Jesus, &c.
- 6 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
 Yonder's thy Saviour, Friend and King,
 With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
 And cries, "press on, and here's the crown."
 O Jesus, &c.

- 7 "Prove faithful then a few more days,
Fight the good fight and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."
O Jesus, &c.

- 8 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last joyful trump shall sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,
And in my Saviour's image rise.
O Jesus, &c.

HYMN CCCX. C. M.

Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan's roll'd between.
- 3 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er :
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

FINIS.











